

MODERN MIDNIGHT CONVERSATIONS

OR MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES;

Adapted to the Times.

Describing the SECRET INTRIGUES, PRIVATE THOUGHTS, and PREVAILING OPINIONS, which at present occupy the most REMARKABLE PERSONAGES in the POLITE, POLITICAL, and LITERARY WORLDS; and disclosing the SENTIMENTS of most MODERN CHARACTERS, from those whose Follies glare in the BON TON, to such as are confined to humbler Absurdities;

PARTICULARLY

Nabob Hunters,	Ministerial and Anti-ministerial Common	Trading Justices,
Levee Hunters,	Councilmen,	Contractors,
Intended Bankrupts,	Newmarket Jockeys,	Forestallers,
Coiners,	Political Barbers,	Speculative Stock-
Filers,	Schemers,	Jobbers,
Duellists,	Unemployed Artists,	Opulent Farmers,
Ministerial and Anti-ministerial Aldermen,	Guttlung Citizens,	Emigrating Manufacturers, &c. &c.

Our Motions are in PUBLIC Scenes discern'd,
But still their MOTIVES cannot thence be learn'd;
In private Conversation Man and Wife,
Betray the Springs by which they move through life,
CURTAINS will tell what COURTS cannot reveal,
And PILLOWS know things we from Sight conceal;
Domestic Broils close Secrets still betray,
And Night shows Hearts much clearer than the Day.

L O N D O N :
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P R E F A C E.

WE too often ridicule the *barbarity of former ages*, and represent our *Forefathers* as *savages*, which, by the bye, is no great compliment to our own *ancestry*; but these *ages of imputed barbarity* were ages of *innocence*; and our hardy Sires, happy in their own simplicity, lived according to the dictates of *Nature*, and thought *Health* and *Peace* the greatest blessings.

“ Man in those times no rule but reason knew,
“ And with a native bent did good pursue ;
“ Unforc’d by punishment, unaw’d by fear,
“ His words were artless, and his soul sincere.”

But even in those ages some Coxcombs appeared, who, wanting to be esteemed wiser than their Fathers, thought proper to break in upon this system of simplicity, and by way of *improvement* introduced *distinctions*

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between man and man. These *distinctions* were productive of *contentions for superiority*, which gave birth to *pride*, and pride was the mother of *envy*, *hatred* and *malice*, and all manner of *uncharitableness* towards our neighbours. Thus were the first ages of the world *improved into sin and wickedness*; *relations* were no longer bound by *duty*, or *the ties of blood*, to love and subordination; *friendship* was lost in *self-interest*, and *mutual confidence* in the *rapacity of individuals*; hence arose a *general distress* of each other, nay men were even *dubious of themselves*; then *fear* dictated the *means of security*; and *doubt*, by making mankind dread each other, in fact cemented them together. Thus were *societies formed*, and *Cities built*; and hence *penal Laws* were enacted to bind man to perform that *which he had no mind to do*, *tho' he was willing to receive*, and to deter him from that which he was *willing to act to others*, *tho' unwilling to be the object of*—for from the first ages of the world, *do as you wou'd be done by*, is a maxim that has always been applauded, though seldom practised.

But

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But the establishment of *Societies* was productive of *luxury*, and *luxury* of *dissipation*; so that *men* quite changed their *natures*, and *things* their *names*; men, instead of courting *health*, paid their addresses to *disease*, and under the name of *pleasure* hunted after *pain*; and now *treachery* was called *policy*, *robbery* right by *conquest*; and a *murderer* with a truncheon in his hand was saluted by the title of *hero*; mankind acted not by the laws of nature, but by the laws of custom, and spoke not the language of the heart, but the language of fashion; *O tempora! O mores!!*

But yet some more modern *choice spirits* did not think the world half bad enough, and fancied their Ancestors but meer dabblers in wickedness.

“ We think our Fathers fools, so wise we grow,
“ Our wiser Sons, no doubt, will think us so.

They accordingly began to alter bad for worse, and to *polish* sin and folly into the
very

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very *perfection of depravity*, which made a bold Satirist say,

“ Feign as I will, and paint it e’er so strong,

“ Some rising Genius sins up to my song.

And they so far succeeded that it is looked upon as *honour* for a Nobleman to keep his word with a *Gamester*, that is a *scoundrel* by principle, and a *sharper* by profession, and to break it with an *honest Tradesman*; and when a man, in defiance of the Laws of God and man, presumptuously exposes his life, or seeks the life of another, under the notion of fighting a DUEL, he is called a *man of courage*; but those who have *spirit* enough to despise the opinion of the world, comply with the dictates of humanity, and condemn the false glare of tinsel *honour*, are termed *cowards*: in fine, *law* is looked upon at present as a restraint, *honesty* as a jest, *religion* as a cheat, *morality* as a farce, *pleasure* as the only pursuit, and *interest* as the true deity.

Thus

Thus have I traced the *pedigree* of *modern refinement*, and given a regular *genealogy* of improved vices ; indeed, the glare of *virtue's daylight* is not so entirely eclipsed but that mankind in general, even in this age of turpitude, love to conceal their vices under specious forms, or to hide their follies behind a mask : it is therefore the business of *satire* to strip away every kind of disguise, and show things as they really are.

That such characters, as are delineated in the following work, really exist, I believe none will deny ; that I have here given their sentiments, I flatter myself, all that know them will own ; and I hope that all, whose honour is not lost in folly and sensuality, in sensation will detest what is atrocious, and improve into *virtue* from detestation. I paint them in the careless recesses of the night, when the soul sinks into itself, and suffers its secret springs to be examined ; for
guarded

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guarded by pride, or secured by interest,
the moments of day are less conspicuous
to the prying eye of *Satire*.

With *proper tints* I spread the *canvass* o'er,
To paint the age, then *genuine vice* explore ;
View light and shade, and midst the various dyes,
Fix on the colour that will make you wise.



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MATRIMONIAL
CONVERSATIONS.

*Dialogue between a rich NABOB HUNTER
and his LADY.*

*Scene. A Bed of State, in which the Nabob
Hunter AVARIO and his LADY
are fast asleep.*

*The Nabob Hunter suddenly starts, as in a fright-
ful Dream, and says,*

I'M murder'd—that was to my heart;

Oh! let not soul and body part:

Let me not sink to endless pain,

I will return those sums again.

Take—take that gold—it is thy right;

There—there, fiend—take it from my sight.

On me why do your eye-balls glare,

As if you through my soul wou'd stare?

Well—well—I murder'd you I know,

But you was my invet'rate foe.

B

You

You want your jewels—there's the whole;
 They shall not damn my tortur'd soul:
 That private stab——what has it cost?
 Oh! that my memory was lost.
 That curst, curst fiend, his tortures brings;
 Ah! how that horrid scorpion stings!
 Racks!—Murder!—I can scarce draw breath;
 Yet shield me from this horrid death:
 I'll give you all——all I possess,
 If you'll not thus upon me press;
 I'll to the writings sign my hand;
 Take all——gold, jewels, houses, land,
 Just to release me from your pow'r:
 I'll not be damn'd another hour.

[Wakes.

Sure Hell conspires to break my rest!
 With what a weight am I oppress!
 Alas! my conscience sinks me down,
 And horrid furies on me frown.
 From sin and gold could I get free,
 To innocence and poverty,
 What mortal wou'd be blest like me?
 Of wealth I now the folly find,
 When guilt to opulence is join'd:
 What's all my fortune—all my power—
 When I taste not an easy hour?
 All things are purchas'd to my use,
 That air, or earth, or sea produce.
 In vain my noble Turrets rise,
 To rear my Palace to the skies;

To

To visit me Peace proudly scorns,
 And my down-bed is strew'd with thorns :
 Do what I can, go where I will,
 My conscience will upbraid me still.
 In vain I'd shun her in the day
 At Court, Park, Auction, Ball, or Play,
 Whate'er divertisements I share,
 She's always certain to be there.
 Yet I behold the night with dread,
 And fear the scenes that round me spread :
 Opium's strong pow'r I court in vain,
 When I'd in bonds my senses chain ;
 Or, if fatigued, cold leaden sleep
 Does o'er my eye-lids slowly creep,
 I 'midst such horrid tortures doze,
 That sleep's a foe to my repose.
 Oh guilt ! Oh conscience ! source of fear,
 If thou'rt a Judge, thou art severe.

[The Lady wakes.]

SHE.

Avario : What's the matter now ?
 How the drops trickle from your brow !
 Yet you are cold, and tremble too ;
 Are ye not well ?—how do ye do ?

HE.

Yes, I am well enough, my dear ;
 Howe'er, I thank you for your care.

'Twas but an ugly, frightful dream,
 Things that in fancy real seem,
 Occasion'd me to wake——

SHE.

——Indeed !

Then oft such dreams your fancy breed ;
 For oft you, in the dead of night,
 Start—scream—and wake yourself with fright.
 Some terrors on your conscience dwell ;
 I fear, my Lord, all is not well.

HE.

What puts such whimsies in your head ?
 Vapours by Indigestion bred
 Disturb'd my sleep——

SHE.

——My Lord, my mind
 Is not so easily made blind ;
 The misery Guilt makes you feel,
 You can't dissemble or conceal :
 While guiltless I, who ne'er made foe,
 Am doom'd to live a life of woe.
 Oh! that you ne'er, by fancy drove,
 Had to my parents talk'd of love :
 By gold, the cursed power of gold,
 The fordid bane of young and old,
 You dazzled their deluded eyes,
 And I was made the sacrifice ;

Compell'd

Compell'd, that they might grander live,
Without my heart, my hand to give.

HE.

Madam, why of your fate in vain,
Which you call hard, will you complain?
You have, in giving me your hand,
All earthly things at your command:
Besides, to check your soaring pride,
You're honour'd to be call'd my bride.
What I declare's not vain pretence:
You know my *fortune is immense*;
You'll find that I'm of good descent,
My life in *fields of honour* spent;
India's wide realms confess my fame,
And *Delhi's* court resounds my name;
My arms victorious well are known,
Throughout one half the burning Zone;
No Asiatic thing can stand
The force of my decisive hand;
The great *Mogul* my prowess owns,
And *Nabobs* tremble on their thrones;
Their armies all before me flew,
Th' embattled elephants I slew;
Treasure and fame in fields I bought,
And honour to my Country brought;
I have abroad wherewith acquir'd
To purchase all by man desir'd;
And now Court favours beam confess
In dazzling rays upon my breast.

SHE.

My Lord, I own your fortune's great,
 If by your gold your merit rate;
 But I, my Lord, possess a soul
 Which narrow notions ne'er controul.
 Riches, as Riches, I despise,
 Unless the Owner's good and wise;
 The man that's suitable to me,
 To riches shou'd add dignity:
 Nay, had you greater wealth to give
 Than avarice cou'd e'er conceive,
 Than e'en the bowels of the East
 Could furnish for a Miser's feast,
 The gift wou'd much too trifling prove,
 To gain my unambitious love:
 Indeed, my person you confine,
 But ne'er can have this heart of mine.

HE.

I can forgive, tho' you're too plain,
 And willingly your heart would gain.
 If riches, which your sex admire,
 Cannot your soaring soul inspire——
 If you, so singular alone,
 Despise what others wish to own——
 Slight *Gold*, my dear, in *Honour's* name,
 And love me for the sake of *Fame*.
 To thee my laurels I resign,
 My vict'ries are this moment thine;

Hence

Hence shall immortal trophies crown
 Your love, which nobly seeks renown.
 Now *Alca's* Victor you subdue,
 And I have conquer'd but for you:
 The honours of each bloody field,
 With pleasure, I to passion yield;
 Then let it be your utmost pride
 To be to *Fame* and me allied.

SHE.

My Lord, you quite the thing mistake,
 I wou'd not gold for fame forsake;
 We women deal in nicer things
 Than routing and dethroning Kings.
 Soft music pleases far before
 The noisy drum, and cannon's roar;
 Of spilling blood when you relate,
 We shudder at what you call great;
 And while you show a sanguine mind,
 We shun the cruel for the kind.
 Supposing riches I admir'd,
 I'd wish to know how they're acquir'd.
 Ah! there my Lord's the stain—the blot—
 You've money, *but how was it got?*

HE.

Madam, I beg you wou'd believe—

SHE.

Nay, good my Lord, pray give me leave:
 If I on you my heart bestow'd,
 One half your guilt my soul wou'd load;

And

And Conscience would, if I inclin'd,
 Give me such horrors as you find.
 Each night most dreadful scenes wou'd rise,
 And open on my mental eyes;
 The murders of each *Indian* plain,
 The ghosts of million wretches slain,
 From ev'ry wound the blood wou'd seem,
 While in your sight, afresh to stream.

HE.

To paint such horrid scenes refrain—
 The whims and vapours of your brain.

SHE.

The canvas is not painted o'er,
 For much remains—alas! much more.
 Methinks I see the Martial Host,
 Of whose great victories you boast:
 What of them?—Why, your camp's a den
 For savage brutes in shapes of men;
 Commission'd murd'ers who, each day,
 Spill blood for stipulated pay;
 Stride o'er each realm—the boldest tear,
 And drive the weakest to despair.
 But if the bloody flag is furl'd,
 And peace spread o'er the Eastern world,
 Still shocking spectacles arise
 Before Imagination's eyes;
 When glitt'ring arms no more prevail,
 With *Speculation* you assail,

By

By studied cruelty in trade,
An artificial famine's made.

HE.

I beg you'll your descriptions cease——

SHE.

My Lord, I'll finish first the piece.
There, for its food, an infant cries,
Which your barbarity denies ;
Behold the helpless mother grieve,
For woes she can't, alas! relieve :
'Till father, mother, child, and all,
Are starv'd to death, and lifeless fall.

HE.

Madam, I beg, I must implore,
That you'll repeat such things no more.
If you will let your heart be mine,
Your soul to calmness will incline,
And brightest scenes in fancy shine. }
Where'er you with your presence grace,
Pleasure, with smiles, shall deck the place ;
Or when kind sleep shall close your eyes,
Soft dreams shall in idea rise ;
Thoughts of the ball, the court, the play,
Shall sweetly pass the night away ;
Or else you'll some new dress explore,
And count your splendid jewels o'er.

SHE.

SHE.

My Lord, whene'er to sleep inclin'd,
 Shou'd jewels enter on my mind,
 I should in thought the owners see,
 Come to demand their property :
 Saying, " for this, for this, I died,
 " To gratify that Monster's pride ;
 " But I'll torment him while he's breath,
 " And not forsake him after death."
 Then vanishing with dismal screams,
 He'd leave us to our horrid dreams ;
 When you'd from sleep in terror start,
 And cry, " he's stabb'd me to the heart."
 While such a conscience you must bear,
 My Lord, my heart you'll never share ;
 My mind you never shall controul,
 You've wed my person—not my soul ;
 Nor can I with a man be blest,
 Who carries *Hell within his breast.*

Between a LEVEE HUNTER and his WIFE.

SHE.

IT'S twelve o'clock—I thought you long ;
 Indeed to stay so late you're wrong.
 I cannot think where you have been :
 Have you to-day his Lordship seen ?

HE.

HE.

When first the Levee I attended,
 His Lordship scarce had breakfast ended ;
 At length he came into the crowd,
 Like the Sun breaking from a cloud :
 All his dependants you might see
 Bow down as to a Deity ;
 On some he frown'd—but smil'd on me.

SHE.

Yes, yes, that's every day your song ;
 He's smil'd on you exceeding long.
 But pray to what do smiles amount ?
 Or can you smiles like guineas count ?
 Can you subsist on smiles I pray ?
 The Butcher's bill will smiles defray ?
 Or will the Baker e'er be led
 To take such smiles in pay for bread ?
 Alas ! it plain to me appears,
 His smiles are but delusive sneers.

HE.

Indeed, my dear, my hopes are larger.

SHE.

But hopes will not your debt's discharge.
 If hopes were like Bank-notes, indeed,
 With hopes your wants he then might feed.
 Hope is at best an airy dream,
 Which for a while does real seem ;

But

But while fair prospects to your eyes
 In gay successive colours rise,
 Hope leaves you soon amidst your foes,
 To wake to Disappointment's woes.

HE.

The thing you do not comprehend;
 Hope is a serviceable friend
 To all who mean to gain support
 Beneath the sunshine of a Court:
 Or otherwise the toil is such,
 There are so many palms to touch,
 So much attendance, such submissions,
 To speak entreaties, bow petitions;
 So many servile, cringing ways,
 Such disappointments and delays,
 The task for man too much wou'd prove,
 One Courtier in his cause to move.
 Hope smooths the rocks that must be past,
 And aids our patience to the last.
 Howe'er, thank Heaven, the danger's o'er,
 And I shall soon arrive on shore;
 My Lord has now a promise made,
 And all my toils will be repaid.

SHE.

Yes, yes, fine words are very cheap,
 And you much benefit will reap,
 Since Lords so oft a promise keep!

}

A Cour-

A Courtier's promise, like the wind,
 Is never to one spot confin'd;
 It changes as occasion serves,
 And Hope with windy morsels starves :
 Or like fine polish'd glass to view,
 Is very smooth and brittle too.
 Believe me, Conscience, with the Great,
 Is a convenient, truckling mate,
 That, like a spaniel, humbly bends
 To serve its master's private ends.
 A Courtier's conscience, altho' big,
 Is supple as a little twig;
 It turns and swings with ease each way,
 Like a bird hopping on the spray.
 But pray, what promise have you had,
 That swells your hopes, and drives you mad ?

HE.

A flatt'ring promise it appears,
 Since Mr. *Smug* is much in years ;
 Myself in cordial hopes I hug,
 To have the place of Mr. *Smug* :
 And I'll assure you 'tis, my dear,
 A full seven hundred pounds a year.
 A promise to be sure he gave,
 That two beside the place shou'd have :
 I on the list am only third——

S H E.

Delightful hopes ! upon my word !

Who

Who but a madman e'er wou'd chuse
 To waste his time for *dead men's shoes* :
 A pretty prospect you must view,
 With two between your hopes and you;
 Great reason sure you have to boast
 That in an hundred years at most,
 You may, perhaps, have meat to roast.

HE.

The lives between the place and me
 Indeed will not material be,
 Since Mr. Smug can scarce draw breath,
 And certainly is near his death ;
 The next is furious Mr. Bray,
 Who quarrel's almost every day ;
 'Twill not be long 'ere he is dead,
 Run thro' the lungs, shot thro' the head ;
 Or if he shou'd escape in fight,
 The laws will do my wishes right ;
 Then will remain but Mr. Glee,
 Between my sanguine hopes and me,
 And his life's all debauchery.
 He drinks so hard, sits up so late,
 That nature can't sustain the weight ;
 At White's their lives have all been *done* *,
 And I've a charming course to run :

For

* An infamous practice among some who are pleased to term themselves the Great ; but whose souls are so mean and little, that,
 contrary

For in three years they'll all be dead
 By illness, drink, or steel, or lead.
 My life they've *done*, and told my doom,
 That I've got twenty years to come ;
 So seventeen years, a pretty space,
 You know I shall enjoy the place.

SHE.

You talk as if the wicked crew
 At that curs'd White's* all things could do ;
 Cou'd speed, or cou'd protract our breath,
 And deal at pleasure life and death :
 The words of Sharpers, at this rate,
 Wou'd soon become the words of fate.
 For shame——such impious thoughts forbear,
 And leave each life to heav'nly care ;
 For know that 'tis with God alone,
 Who sits on Heaven's imperial throne,
 Invested with celestial powers,
 To lengthen or contract your hours.
 From impious courtly thoughts refrain,
 And turn your mind to trade again :

contrary to every rule of Humanity, Reason, or Decency, they
 bett upon the continuance of the life of any of their acquaintance,
 which they call *doing a life*.

* The late Earl of Oxford never passed by White's Chocolate
 House but in a most solemn manner he imprecated curses to fall
 upon it, deeming it to be a receptacle for sharpers, who ruined
 many of our young Nobility, and had occasioned great disorders in
 numerous illustrious Families.

Think

Think if at Court success you have,
 You'll be for life a pension'd slave ;
 Condemn'd for profit to controul
 Each thought that wou'd adorn your soul,
 Each rising virtue of the mind,
 And to grow sordid, mean, and blind ;
 To navigate Corruption's seas
 Whene'er your vicious patrons please,
 Daily to use infernal skill,
 And be a *Devil* if they will.
 Let Honour then, and Freedom, bribe
 Your mind to quit the courtly tribe ;
 Nor sell the virtues of your breast,
 To gain a paultry Place at best.



*Between an intended BANKRUPT and his
 WIFE.*

SHE.

I'M glad that our success is such ;
 I think your Trade encreases much.
 If you continue to proceed
 Thus, you'll in time grow rich indeed.

HE.

My inclinations will not stay
 To go so round-about a way.
 To have a fortune I'd not chuse,
 Which I am past the power to use ;

But

But while I'm in my youthful prime,
 I'll antedate a future time;
 At once bring fortune to my lure,
 And all her favours well secure:
 Whate'er mistaken people say,
 She ever lies in Wisdom's way.
 Can any fancy such a blade
 As me could e'er for years be made
 A plodding, patient *Man of Trade*?
 No, no, my soaring soul aspires
 To gratify her strong desires,
 To seize each pleasure in its turn,
 While the warm youthful passions burn;
 Plays, Op'ra, Oratorio, Ball,
 Bright Ranelagh, and gay Vauxhall,
 In Gaming-houses I'd abide,
 Or to a horse-race take a ride;
 Sometimes to the Pantheon go,
 Or make at Court a flaming show.

SHE.

I'm quite amaz'd at what you say;
 Can this be *done*, and soon, I pray?

HE.

All I can on the subject speak
 Shall be perform'd, and that next week.
 My credit to the last I've strain'd.
 And various mighty orders feign'd;
 My warehouses with goods are fill'd,
 My Agents, in their business skill'd,

Will

Will quickly of these goods dispose,
 And take the cash — beneath the rose;
 Which I, with other sums, shall place
 Where no Commissioners can trace:
 Then, well prepar'd, I'll boldly break,
 And throw at once a mighty stake.

SHE.

I prithee husband don't be rash:

HE.

I tell thee I next week shall *smash*,
 The thing I've well revolv'd in mind,
 And prudently the plan design'd:
 I'm to my family a friend,
 Myself I shall not marr, but mend;
 For 'tis the fashion now to break,
 A splendid fortune soon to make.
 I was design'd to follow trade,
 By which they say a fortune's made;
Breaking itself's a trade become,
 A mighty push for a large sum;
 Nay, it must laudable appear,
 Since many virtues must be near,
 To keep it from Detection clear.
 Bankrupts must *Industry* pursue,
 Must be *discreet* and *secret* too;
Prudent in picking out their friends,
Ingenious to pursue their ends,
Couragious to subdue each fear,
Precautious how their way they steer;

Blest

Blest with a *permanence* of soul,
 The storms of Chance cannot controul.
 A *Bankrupt's* virtues then explore,
 You'll find no *Stoic* can boast more:
 Besides, it's not a trade alone,
 It may the name of *Science* own;
 It's now into a *System* brought,
 To the full stretch of human thought.

SHE.

Can this with safety all be done?
 Shall you no deadly hazards run?

HE,

It's done with safety ev'ry day;
 To break at present is mere play.
 I tell you its become a trade;
 A thousand fortunes thus are made.
 Just now and then the Gazette mind,
 A multitude of names you'll find;
 Think you that all the names you'll see
 Break only thro' necessity?
 Yes, 'tis necessity of soul,
 That cannot tamely brook controul;
 A fire that breathes out now and then,
 In such as wish to *live like men*;
 Who think a 'Compting house is mean,
 And hate a shop-confinement scene;
 Who with the narrow tradesmen sport,
 And change the City for the Court.

SHE

SHE.

But then your oath, your oath, my dear ;
You'd surely not yourself forswear ?

HE.

Had I as many pence in store
As there's false oaths by Bankrupts swore,
At present then I need not break,
A fortune with such speed to make.
Howe'er, on Truth I'll not intrude ;
I'll only just the fact elude :
I never meant to falsely swear,
But shall prevaricate, my dear.
Thus I shall with my oath comply,
For an *evasion's not a lie*.
When I surrender much I'll stifle,
And swear myself worth but a trifle ;
For since my passions are so strong,
What I shall swear will not be wrong :
With eyes of appetite I see,
And millions trifles seem to me.
When my *Certificate* I have,
The world again I'll quickly brave ;
From sham obscurity emerge,
My rapid course with spirit urge ;
Renounce the very taint of trade,
And vie with Lords in gay parade :
My former Creditors shall see,
Stare at, admire, and envy me,

SHE.

SHE.

I thought at first you did but dream,
 But find it is a charming scheme ;
 My hours in pleasure I will spend,
 And Park and Auction Rooms attend,
 Purchase the finest, gayest cloaths,
 At Court amaze the very Beaux ;
 At the Pantheon flaunt away,
 Attract the envy of the gay,
 And give the spleen at Ball and Play.
 Will you permit me too to game ?

HE.

Yes sure, for I shall do the same.

SHE.

My tender dear, you make me weep ;
 Shall we likewise a chariot keep ?

HE.

Yes, we'll a chariot keep in town ;
 But when the fields your smiles shall crown
 A coach and six shall wheel us down.
 Our liv'ries all with gold shall flame,
 And grand attendance give us fame ;
 A side-board, glitt'ring o'er with plate,
 Shall brightly deck a room of state :
 All shall with envy view the prize
 Thus mantling in their dazzled eyes.

With

With Lords and Dukes I'll play and dine,
While you shall with rich jewels shine.

SHE.

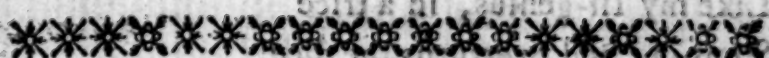
A Knight could you not get to be?
A Title sounds so prettily,
I like *my Lady* mightily;
For simple mistress is too plain
For one so drest with such a train.

HE.

Yes, I'll get knighted, Love, with ease,
I know the *manner, bribe, and fees*;
All honours now are bought and sold,
And titles are procured with gold,
If *Somebody* and I accord,
Perhaps some day I'll be a Lord;
I've got a friend *now* underhand,
His meaning well I understand;
Court sunshine I'll pursue by stealth,
Until it warms me into wealth.

SHE.

My dearest husband say no more,
Indeed I'm *ravish'd* o'er and o'er:
What pleasures will your breaking bring!
A Bankrupt is a heavenly thing.



The PANTHEONITES.

*A Dialogue between LORD SQUANDER and
his LADY, on her returning from the
Panttheon.*

[Clock strikes four.

*My Lord comes in, as from White's Chocolate-
House, speaking to a Servant.*

YOU scoundrel——must I always wait
An hour, thund'ring at the gate;
While you, ye Sot, both night and day,
Wou'd sleep and snore the time away.

FOOTMAN.

My Lord, I humbly take the blame,
Tho' I within a moment came.

MY LORD.

Sirrah away——hence——quickly go;
These damn'd *Plebeians* plague one so,
I'd bring a Bill in with his Grace,
T' exterminate the low-born race,
But that they're useful now and then,
And pimp to serve superior men.
Curst luck!——sure Fortune takes delight
To baffle me thro' very spite;

Like

Like my Ill-genius, in a trice
 Steps in, and overturns the dice.
 To lose on *six*——wou'd drive one mad:
 Well—well—well—well—'tis curst bad.
 Five hundred pounds——a trifling sum;
 I've oft lost greater at a drum.
 Those heavy Debts of Honour too;
 Why, what the Devil shall I do? [Muscs.]

[Five o'clock.]

Enter LADY SQUANDER.

LADY.

Oh! I expire with mere fatigue;
 I think we've travel'd half a league.
 Those silly brutes mistook the way;
 They both shall be discharg'd to-day.

My Lord, your servant——*Such a night;*
Such bustle——exquisite delight!
 What, you've ideas in your head;
 Good morn, my Lord; I'll go to bed.

HE.

My Lady, stay——before you walk
 Some minutes we must pass in talk.
 This life won't do——as I'm alive
 The clock has turn'd the stroke of five.
 What of yourself do you conceive?

SHE.

Lord! I ne'er think at all; believe

I'm

I'm dying now for want of sleep ;
 And you must needs a parly keep :
 Was such absurdity e'er seen ?
 I vow you'll put me in the spleen.
 Besides, your actions still are free ;
 They go unscrutiniz'd by me.

HE.

Unscrutiniz'd by me, d'ye say ;
 Why, wou'd you tutor me, I pray ?
 Is not a husband,--head design'd--
 Lord of your body and your mind ?
 Is not obedience throughout life
 The first great duty of a wife ?

SHE.

Aye ; I believe things may be so
 Among the scum, the vulgar low ;
 But high-born persons, more refin'd,
 Have quite another turn of mind.
 In marriage wives just change their name,
 Their inclinations are the same ;
 The title and the fortune share,
 But still remain as free as air.
 FREE-WILL's a doctrine I admire,
 The only one the TON require ;
 For what have old religious codes
 To do, I pray, with modern modes ?

HE.

My dear, in some things you are right ;
 But have I e'er been *impolite* ?

C

Search

Search all St. James's Parish through,
 Each Square, and genteel avenue,
 Among the noble fam'lies chuse,
 From Grosvenor Square to May Fair Muse,
 Then try among them all to find
 A husband more politely blind.
 Do you not always live at ease,
 And keep what company you please?
 Did I e'er ope a billet-doux
 Whose superscription was to you?

SHE.

No, you've been kind I must confess,
 And *act the husband with address*;
 But am I not as kind a wife,
 And ne'er regard your way of life?

HE.

Nay, you've been kind enough, no doubt;
 It is not that I speak about.
 But then you are too apt to game:

SHE.

My Lord you know you do the same.

HE.

Observe, if I to that agree,
 What's wrong in you is right in me;
 Things, though in substance quite the same,
 Are very apt to change their name.
 But have you had some luck of late?

SHE.

SHE.

O! I've been favour'd sure by *Fate* :
 For I, by which each wish is crown'd,
 Last night won fifteen hundred pound.

HE.

Amazing luck !——I'm glad 'tis so : [*Aside.*
 One little thing I'd let you know.
 Of late I've had a cursed run,
 And nearly am in fact undone ;
 So want to borrow, to be plain——

SHE.

My Lord, I've lost it all again:
 This night my stars their heads declin'd,
 And I my precious gold resign'd.
 I chanc'd to play with *Lady Glow*,
 A *Maid of Honour* whom you know:
 Whilst things went briskly on my side,
 Miss Crib unluckily I spy'd ;
 Her head-dress all the room admir'd,
 Which seem'd so loftily attir'd,
 That it exceeded mine by far
 In height, in jewels, wool, and hair.
 This put me into such a fret
 That I lost all, and got in debt.
 But won't Miss Lofty kindly grant
 The sum, my Lord, you chance to want?
 They tell me she in hand is strong,
 And you, you know, have kept her long.

HE

HE.

She'll nothing lend——besides, I owe
 A sum to her some months ago ;
 For her demands are very great,
 And heavy fall on my estate ;
 I fear they'll crush it with their weight.
 Perhaps the money you may borrow,
 Just to oblige me till to-morrow,
 I but request a thousand pounds,
 To heal a few unseemly wounds :
 Can you not speak to Captain Smart?

SHE.

What! the dear friend that warms my heart?
 My Lord, I danc'd with him to-night;
 He's an Adonis to the fight.
 Yes, yes, I think the gold he'll lend,
 And I'll oblige you as a friend ;
 But you must speedily repay,
 And be quite punctual to the day.

HE.

My honour's sacred—fixt as fate ;
 I in these things ne'er pass the date :
 I'd make a thousand Tradesmen break,
 Ere not return the loan I take.
 No, no, my dear, you may depend
 I'll punctually repay your friend.

SHE.

SHE.

My Lord, the money you shall have,
So I'll to bed, the sense's grave.

HE.

Madam, ere you to bed retire,
One favour more I've to desire.
I'd fain to the Pantheon go,
If you a ticket would bestow;
And the next op'ning night befriend
This my request, and recommend.

SHE.

My Lord, too close you now besiege,
But in this thing I can't oblige;
I've promis'd Col'nel Strut——

HE.

—— Sure no;
Why Captain Smart will jealous grow.
Whate'er your husband may deserve,
However you your husband serve,
Still to your gallant constant be,
And act with strict sincerity.
This rule received in *higher life*
Was made to hinder feuds and strife.

SHE.

This once then Smart must needs conform;
I've promis'd, and I will perform.

A woman's word, beyond the pale
Of marriage bonds, should never fail.
Adieu, my Lord; I'll now retire,
By sleep fresh spirits to inspire.

He.

Madam, farewell—the Beau Monde sure,
Now sentimentally impure,
Is to perfection's *modus* brought,
By efforts of ingenious thought.
Now modesty no more remains;
The Ladies seem quite free from chains;
And decency, being banish'd quite,
Gives room for much new-born delight.
When men talk'd of propriety,
And stupid things that ne'er could be,
Except in moist and phlegmy brains,
Where universal dulness reigns;
If women chanc'd to have a friend,
Or do a thing that might offend,
Immediately suspicions rose,
And man and wife were mortal foes;
Then jealousy her spies wou'd bring,
And hover with destructive wing:
Now let a wife do what she will,
A husband is contented still;
Provided that they both agree,
And she is blind as well as he,
We wisely kill time as he rowls,
In dissipation melt our souls,

And

And since from jealous passions free,
The Bon Ton's true Philosophy.

Between a COINER and FILER, and his
WIFE.

SHE:

MY dear, leave off this cursed trade,
'Twill end in ruin I'm afraid :
Suspicion in the neighbourhood reigns
Concerning your illicit gains ;
If principle is laid asleep,
You should a prudent caution keep.

HE:

Wife, your remonstrances give o'er ;
What I most dread is being poor.
To gain bright gold I'll not neglect,
Which wins from all profound respect.
For this the sea the Merchant braves,
And hazards property on waves ;
For this the Sailor ploughs the main,
Defying thunder, storms, and rain ;
The General, talking still of fame,
To av'rice gives a polish'd name,
When if you fathom his design,
You'll find his thoughts are bent on coin :
What Lawyer at the noisy bar
Without a fee for you will jar ?

C 4

Which

Which of the Esculapian Tribe,
 Unpaid, will medicines prescribe ?
 Up from the Cottage to the Throne
 The world is rul'd by gold alone ;
 I wisely shun the being poor,
 And seek the god mankind adore.

SHE.

I at this age need scarce be told
 The wond'rous power of sovereign gold ;
 It stains the soul, it taints the mind,
 And is the curse of human kind.
 But tho' perverted to what's bad,
 I know to live it must be had ;
 Since necessary to obtain it,
 I wish by honest means you'd gain it.

HE.

Pshaw——honesty's a mere pretence ;
 Men must be knaves in their defence.
 The Lawyer sharp, the Doctor sage,
 Each pious Preacher of the age,
 The smiling Courtier, blust'ring blade,
 The simple, simp'ing Man of Trade,
 Together may a bargain strike,
 For faith they all are rogues alike.
 Coining as genteel is esteem'd,
 And Artists are we Coiners deem'd ;
 Then why should I lay-by a trade
 By which such profit may be made.

SHE.

SHE.

Still take advice from your poor wife ;
 What profit can secure your life ?
 Detection waits you ev'ry hour,
 Then dread the laws avenging power.
 Think how at York ingenious Stell *
 By shameful death untimely fell :
 What were his talents, or his gold,
 When thus by vice his life was sold ?
 However, this late Act, I hope,
 Will give your bad designs less scope ;
 Somewhat allay my anxious pain,
 And your unlawful course restrain.

HE.

Ah ! curse that fatal Act, I say ;
 It clipt one-half my power away :
 By filing I shall never more
 My pockets fill, or swell my score ;
 If I a too-large guinea fil'd,
 The piece of coin I never spoil'd,
 What if I took away a grain,
 I let th' impression still remain.
 But since the use of weights and scales
 In every place so much prevails,
 That my light pieces will not go,
 Nor thro' trade's rapid channels flow ;

* Stell, supposed to be the most ingenious Coiner in England,
 was executed at York.

Now vigilance, with cautious face,
 Of ingenuity takes place,
 T' employ the file I'll now give o'er,
 And use the sweating-pot no more.
 I'll not diminish now, but coin,
 And in the utmost splendor shine ;
 Quite sharp th' impression shall appear,
 The jingle shall, like gold's, be clear ;
 Full weight my pieces shall be found,
 And for suspicion give no ground ;
 Impervious through commercial scenes,
 To all but hydrostatic means *.

SHE.

These strong temptations still resist,
 By honest means you may subsist ;
 Thus you'll avoid corroding care,
 Nor close existence in despair :
 For vice and punishment, and shame,
 Together blend like light and flame.
 Revere the King, respect the laws,
 And fortune will espouse your cause.

HE.

Fortune can ne'er delude the wise ;
 That fickle Being I despise.

* Hydrostatics, the art of weighing gold in water ; the only method by which the purity of the metal may be with certainty discovered, and the only means to detect bad guineas which are full weight.

My

My wishes tend to needful gain,
 No matter how I wealth obtain.
 For while the worthy Poor's despised
 The worthless rich are highly priz'd ;
 To gain my point throughout life's scenes,
 The end shall sanctify the means.

The laws I should respect much more
 If they'd give plenty to the poor ;
 Men are by nature equal made,
 Design'd each others mutual aid,
 Then why should avaricious knaves
 Oppress the poor like wretched slaves ?
 Back'd by pernicious legal skill,
 The wealthy may enjoy their will ;
 The poor beneath oppression groan,
 And dare not call their souls their own.

As for the King I hurt him not,
 Nor have all due respect forgot ;
 His Ministers, I own, neglect him,
 And teach us how to disrespect him.

SHE.

Husband, I pray do not talk so,
 You'll pass the rule of reason go.

HE.

I'll not pass reason's rule in sooth,
 Unless 'tis pass in speaking truth.
 How will th' Historian's faithful pen,
 In future times, speak of these men ?

" That

" That in this fam'd and learned isle,
 " Where all the muses deign to smile,
 " A great disturbance lately rose,
 " To call the nation from repose,
 " For the King's head——O wretched State!
 " To thy affliction, wanted weight.
 " The wise ones said it was not right
 " A Monarch's head should be too light ;
 " For reck'ning in the very brains
 " It was deficient in *some grains*.
 " Besides, it injur'd ev'ry Crown
 " To bring a Monarch's value down ;
 " Then sagely all the means explore,
 " To make it heavy as before."

Even Virtuosos, who adore
 The medals over which they pore,
 And view with raptures ev'ry piece
 Procur'd from ancient Rome and Greece,
 In coins their time and fortune waste,
 And call absurdity——fine taste ;
 Value a trifling copper coin
 Of *O:ho*, or of *Antonine*,
 Tho' of no worth, at sums immense,
 And show their genteel *want of sense* ;
 Or give their sterling gold for brass,
 That they for *Connoisseurs* may pass.
 Yet such as these, with disrespect,
 Will their own Sovereign's head reject
 If light, tho' made of purest gold,
 And not regard the make or mould.

We

We Coiners, happy in more grace,
 Respect a Monarch's sacred face,
 And think the piece, if right or no,
 Thro' Courtesy shou'd current go ;
 Then if a perfect subject's name,
 Who most regards his king may claim ;
 Let Blockheads argue all they can ;
 A Coiner is an honest man.

SHE.

Now I perceive you rally, love ;
 It does in part my doubts remove ;
 I hope you only were in jest,
 To try the terrors of my breast ;
 And that you'll no more dangers run,
 Nor by such follies be undone.

HE.

Wife, you are right—I meant to try
 Your fears, and kind anxiety ;
 My jest shall ne'er to earnest turn,
 All thoughts dishonest hence I'll spurn ;
 Quit, to subsist by honest means,
 My comrades vile, and vicious scenes ;
 If possible, 'tis my fixt plan
 To be henceforth an honest man.
 A blessing will, I hope, attend
 My steps, as daily I amend ;
 And with my kind and virtuous wife,
 I'll pass an inoffensive life,
 Till ev'ry wordly care shall cease,
 And both resign our lives in peace.

The



The D U E L L I S T S.

*A Dialogue between a GENTLEMAN and his
WIFE, upon his receiving a Challenge.*

Gentleman reading the Challenge, as follows:

S I R,

YOU certainly remember the dispute between us, which happened last night—I have since maturely reflected on it, and the result is, that I conceive you to be a SCOUNDREL. If you should entertain a thought to prove yourself otherwise, I shall remain at home all day on Friday next, at my house at Turnham Green.—There are some very pretty private walks in the neighbourhood. Seconds are needless.

Your's, &c.

SIMON SANGUINE.

HE.

A pretty summons faith, to fight,
And not one sentence in't polite;
But I'll accept his Challenge tho'—
The Rascal shan't parade it so.
Next Friday Morning I'll repair
To Turnham Green, to take the air;

Then

Then in his private walks attend,
 And his perambulations end :
 There if he chance to be disarm'd,
 Or into fear of death alarm'd,
 And begs his life—I'll with my cane
 Return his Scoundrel back again.

[His wife overhears him, and speaks.]

SHE.

What phrenzy in my husband's mind
 Can thus his sober reason blind ?
 You'll surely not yourself engage
 To meet a hec't'ring madman's rage,
 And by a false Punctilio led,
 Bring death or horror on your head ?

HE.

Madam, my honour I hold dear,
 Above the grov'ling thoughts of fear ;
 My honour's stain'd, when its attack'd,
 And 'till its clear'd, my soul is rack'd.
 No ! I shall never sleep again
 Until my sword wipes out the stain.

SHE.

This honour, you so much admire,
 Is but a mere delusive fire ;
 Like glowworms' light it will decay,
 In reason's more refulgent ray.
 " Honour's a Mistress all pursue,
 " But most mistake the *false* for *true*;

" Lur'd

"Lur'd by the trappings and the paint,
 "Adore the idol for the saint."
 'Tis the Fool's bawble—the Knave's bait,
 The subject of each Madman's prate;
 The superficial Coxcomb's pride;
 The Hobby-horse that Blockheads ride;
 That blindly leads them by the nose,
 And turns them into their own foes.

HE.

Zounds! you know nothing of the matter,
 But still your tongue goes clitter clatter:
 If I must not chastise a foe,
 I fain wou'd what's *true honour* know.

SHE.

True honour will admit no flaws;
 It's the chief bond of social laws.
 Honour no slavish customs bind:
 It teaches to be mild and kind.
 Bids you not wildly danger seek,
 Since that denotes the reason weak;
 But unavoidably, if foes
 Surround, and hinder your repose,
 Honour, presenting reason's cup,
 Revives and bears your spirits up;
 Gives highest courage in distress,
 And ready means to seek redress;
 Thro' greatest dangers nobly bears,
 And all your toils and perils shares:

True

True honour like a brilliant seems,
 Since nothing hurts its radiant beams ;
 False honour, like a bristol-stone,
 Can no intrinsic merit own ;
 Untry'd its glare perhaps may pass,
 But try'd its like a piece of glass.
 Will you then folly's changes ring,
 And stake your all on such a thing ?

HE.

But I the challenge have received ;
 The thing's too late to be retriev'd.
 Shou'd I to fight him now decline,
 Think of the shame that must be mine ;
 Admitting all you've said is true,
 In such a case what can I do ?
 What you as prudence make appear,
 The world wou'd soon entitle fear ;
 The name of COWARD I'd not chuse——

SHE.

You show most courage to refuse.
 What ! to be driven by the stream
 As in a fascinating dream,
 Tho' honour, tenderness, restrain,
 And reason, conscience, bid refrain !
 The laws, both human and divine,
 Teach you the folly to decline ;
 Yet you'll be borne by fashion's tide,
 Led by *false honour* and *false pride*.

You

You say you're challeng'd——but what then?
 Since 'gainst the laws of God and Men.
 If the man's mad, you'll not, I hope,
 In madness with a Madman cope;
 But if 'tis malice in his mind
 That makes him to revenge inclin'd,
 You'd foolishly yourself neglect,
 And let his malice take effect.
 If envy 'twas the challenge penn'd,
 Despise who could thro' envy send;
 And while secure you draw your breath,
 Envy will sting itself to death.
 If folly urg'd, by the same rule
 Share not the follies of a fool,
 To shun a little ridicule.

HE.

Supposing all you say be just,
 The matter how must I adjust?

SHE.

Decline the fight——reign your pride——
 For what can duels, pray, decide?
 You know he cannot be your friend
 Who could to spill your blood intend;
 And wou'd you to an open foe
 On purpose to be murder'd go?
 He wants to cut your throat, you see,
 To which absurdly you agree;
 And will you with your foe comply
 In what you to your friends deny?

If

If he was right you can't do less
 Than that you're in the wrong confess;
 A noble vict'ry you'll obtain,
 And o'er yourself a conquest gain.
 If he was wrong good-nature show,
 And pity him for being so;
 Those who by duels wou'd decide,
 Are by a Judge unjustly try'd,
 Since th' injured may resign his breath,
 And th' injurer enjoy his death.

HE.

The name of coward still I dread——

SHE.

Oh! let not that disturb your head.
 Cæsar † a challenge once refus'd,
 Yet wa'n't of cowardice accus'd;
 And mighty Malborough ‡ was thought right
 When he declin'd a single fight.
 If you this rash affair decline,
 O think what glory will be thine!
 You'll give him a more sure defeat,
 If you refuse, than if you meet;

† When Mark Anthony was driven to desperation, in a fit of despair he challenged Cæsar Augustus, who refused to accept his challenge, saying, he had more ways than one to die, but Anthony had not.

‡ When the Duke of Ormond, envious of the fame and power of the Duke of Malborough, sent him a challenge, he replied, he would ask his mistress (Queen Ann) if she could conveniently spare him.

You'll

You'll your own passions too controul,
 And gain a conquest o'er your soul;
 Act strictly up to reason's rule,
 And laugh at vulgar ridicule.
 If what I've said can not unbend
 Your mind from such a bloody end,
 Think on your children and your wife,
 For whom you shou'd preserve your life.
 If he should take your life away,
 A widow I, and orphans they,
 Must weep the hapless time away;
 Or be perhaps at random hurl'd
 On an uncharitable world.
 If ever then your tender breast
 As you have oftentimes profess'd
 A love for me and them confess,
 From such a curst intent refrain,
 Nor suffer love to plead in vain.
 If in the conflict you should dye,
 Think what must be our misery.

HE.

Oh! you have touch'd me to the soul,
 I feel my purpose you controul;
 My heart does with confusion beat,
 And tenderness resumes his seat.

SHE.

Nourish these gen'rous thoughts with care,
 And save us kindly from despair;

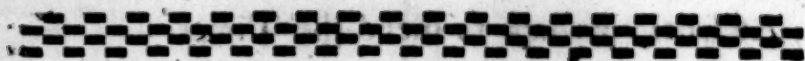
Thus

Thus you'll avoid most horrid crimes,
 And help perhaps to mend the Times.
 By your example every day
 The barb'rous custom may decay ;
 For *Duellists*, in human gore,
 Wade knee-deep to perdition's door,
 Seek Hell thro' paths of spleen and pride,
 While appear stalking by their side
Red Murder and pale Suicide. }
 For he who rashly hazards life
 Is a Self-murd'rer in the strife ;
 And while he feels untimely death,
 With loads of crimes resigns his breath.

HE.

O ! now I see the matter plain ;
 My senses are restor'd again.
 From barb'rous times the custom came,
 Dead to *true Honour* and *true Fame* :
 When Reason's pow'r was hardly known,
 And she scarce fix'd upon her throne.
 Those sure the force of folly feel
 Why blindly to the sword appeal ;
 Then may each prejudice subside,
 And none be plung'd in sin thro' pride.

The



The M A C C A R O N I E S.

Between a MACCARONI and his WIFE.

SHE.

W H A T, will you never come to bed?

HE.

My dear I first must *net* my head † ;
Tomorrow else my bushy hair
Will like a furze-bush wildly flare.

SHE.

Yes, such a pretty head you get——
You need more water than a net,
To cleanse it from the noxious fume,
Whose vapour incommodes the room.
Each night there's always such ado,
With all your foppery and you,
That woman is to mis'ry sold
Who weds a coxcomb for his gold.

HE.

Madam, you're either mad or blind ;
In me what error can you find,
Respecting body, birth, or mind ?

}

* A contrivance to keep the hair in form, after it had been
drest in all the absurdity of Maccaroni taste.

SHE.

SHE.

Why, you're erroneous in the whole;
 Faulty in body, and in soul.
 We need not scan thee spot by spot,
 Thou *Mass of Folly*, gen'ral blot;
 Thou composition of a fool;
 Full character for ridicule.
 Indeed you are of noble *birth*,
 But that does not encrease your worth.
 The spring's debas'd by muddy streams,
 And clouds eclipse the brightest beams;
 Thus you on an illustrious race
 Throw back indelible disgrace.

HE.

Madam, my father was a Lord——

SHE.

Yes, and his son, a Fop abhorr'd,
 Stands as a Coxcomb on record.
 As for your *mind*, kind fortune thank,
 It is one universal blank;
 A sheet of Paper—lilly white,
 Where any fool his name may write.
 A simple, newly white-wash'd wall,
 Where coxcombs at their pleasure scrawl:
 Nay e'en your very *fancies* skim,
 Like the *meer shadows of a whim*,
 By folly for one hour dismiss'd,
 You wou'd not know that you exist:

Or

Or if *existence* you descried,
 You'd only find it out in *pride*.
 I must compare your narrow soul
 To climates underneath the Pole;
 Where (if as sense may lose her way)
 If common-sense shou'd chance to stray,
 She'd leave th' inclement soil and air;
 Nor think it worth the tarrying there.
 Void of ideas in your mind,
 If embrio thoughts we sometimes find,
 Their birth wou'd not repay the cost;
 So they're in folly's whirlpool lost.

HE.

Madam, 'pon honour I declare—
 Gad's curse—you rally too severe:
 Tho' what you mean I can't conceive;
 I'll bett you don't yourself believe:
 For if you do, your voice you waste,
 Or else you're curst with want of taste.
 My dress—address—and person view;
 To them are no small praises due;
 Due to what all the world admire,
 To charms for which the fair expire;
 To what obtains the first report
 At the Pantheon, or at Court:
 In Dukes and Princes envy raise,
 And force from Lords reluctant praise.
 Come learn to be polite and civil;
 Speak truth for once, and shame the devil.

SHE.

SHE.

The truth depend I'll not conceal ;
Truth wou'd shame you, if you cou'd feel :
 But, Coxcomb to the last degree,
 Civility bestow'd on thee
 Were throwing pearls before a swine,
 As a provocative to dine.
 Now to your view a glass I'll hold,
 That you your picture may behold :
 Nature, who, through this earthly ball,
 Moulds fashions, and supports us all,
 Too careless in her plastic trade,
 In making you an error made.
 A piece of clay she took in hand ;
 To fashion then a *goose* she plan'd ;
 But, by mistake, she plac'd the clay
 into a mould where *Man* should lay :
 Which form'd by elemental strife,
 And ripen'd into active life,
 From the warm human mould broke loose
 The composition of a *goose*,
 And the egregious thing e'er since
 Hath gabbled void of wit or sense.
 Thus take you all and all together,
 You are a *goose without a feather* ;
 But to go naked wou'd not do
 For such a *human goose* as you :
 So, since by nature fairly fobb'd,
 You many animals have robb'd.

D

Your

Your monstrous bushy *tail of hair*
 You've taken from the monstrous *bear*;
 The *bat* which covers o'er your block
 Is but the *coxcomb of a cock*;
 Th' enormous *stock*, on which you doat,
 Is like a *Turkey's* swelling throat;
 The savory fragrance of your smell
 None better than myself can tell;
 For with pomatum, powder, paint,
 You are enough the air to taint:
 A sweet companion in a bed,
 A stupid and a stinking head;
 For there's completely join'd in you
 The Civet and the Pole-cat too.
 Your coat and waistcoat, I must own,
 Are both of folly's cut alone:
 Those from no animal you stole——
 But stay, your breeches they are droll.
 Then to your *breeches* let's proceed;
 Streak'd like an *Ass of Afric's* breed,
 In the true *Maccaroni* stile,
 Enough to make an image smile.
 Sir, you're a *Zebra* in your thighs,
 And must attract all curious eyes.

HE.

Zounds, Ma'am, I beg that you'll give o'er——

SHE.

Excuse me, Sir, a little more.

Spite

Spite of silk stockings, and of art,
 Which still you call to take your part,
 Your *leg*, that no proportion shows,
 Is stiff and ugly like a *crow's*;
 Your *pumps*, which such a shining make,
 You know you liberally take
 From a poor beast in course of trade,
 For they're, I think, of *dogskin* made:
 So like a *dog* on roaming bent,
 You daily follow *folly's* scent.
 But since you're every thing but *Man*,
 Form'd on an artificial plan,
 More diff'rent animals we meet,
 Assist your picture to complete.
 The *peacock* kindly lends you pride,
 Your insignificance to hide;
Asses stupidity bestow,
 By which you happily don't know,
 The great *contempt* all for you show.
 Your *simple sentences* are hung
 All on a *jackdaw's* noisy tongue;
 A *monkey* lends you all his tricks,
 Your *active character* to fix;
 For all his flirting, and grimace,
 We in your ceremonies trace;
 Whether at Play, Assembly, Ball,
 'Tis *baboon exhibition* all.
 The obstinacy of the *mule*
 Does all your wayward *passions* rule;

Of courage you've a wond'rous share ;
 For a small *pigeon's heart* you bear——

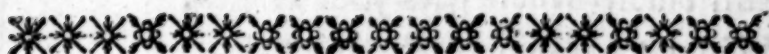
HE.

Madam, you know a sword I wear.

SHE.

Yes, but in wearing you abuse it ;
 You cannot, or you dare not use it.
 To end your character is meet,
 And fill your portrait up complete :
 Compound of what's absurd and droll,
 You've got a body without soul ;
 You've got a head devoid of brains,
 Where folly in the vacuum reigns ;
 You've got a tongue that's of no use,
 That can't a word of sense produce ;
 You've all the organs nature gives,
 Not one of which to purpose lives ;
 You've *ears*, for reason's voice not free ;
 You've eyes, but can't your folly see :
 Those you wou'd gain your proffers slight,
 You wear a sword, but dare not fight.
 What are you then ? Can reason say ?
 A shade that swiftly glides away ;
 A thing that's not worth while to scan ;
 A meer *Apology for Man*.

Between



Between an ANTIMINISTERIAL ALDERMAN
and his WIFE.

*The Alderman just come home from the King's
Arms Tavern, Cornhill, where he had been
at a Meeting of the Patriotic Party.*

Watch goes past Two o'Clock.

HE.

IN vain is Ministerial skill ;
Fair *Liberty* shall triumph still.
Freedom her banner high shall wave,
Britannia ne'er shall be a slave.
While Patriot souls go hand in hand,
The Nation's *Liberties* shall stand.

SHE.

The Nation's *Liberties*, you elf !
Now you can hardly stand yourself.
A pretty Guardian of the Laws ;
Drunk ev'ry night in Freedom's cause.
See your furr'd gown——O lud ! O lud !
You've been a rolling in the mud.
A Magistrate ! a pretty sight——

HE.

The woman's mad, I think, to-night.

D 3

Still

Still bibble-babble goes your tongue,
 Without a reason—right or wrong.
 From Temple Bar to Aldgate-street,
 Your fellow surely none can meet :
 I will be bound, search London through,
 That an unconquerable Shrew
 Cannot be found to match with you.

Hiccup.

SHE.

Rail if you will—rail for a week—
 I have the privilege to speak.
 Think you I e'er shall be afraid,
 When you deserve it, to upbraid?
 My tongue's to me both sword and shield;
 So arm'd, imagine not I'll yield.
 When husbands in their duty fail,
 'Tis proper wives shou'd sometimes rail.

HE.

Proper or not your clack must go;
 If 'twou'd a Nation overthrow.
 Now reason, if you can, reveal,
 Why shou'd a man such torments feel?
 In Freedom born, in Freedom bred,
 By fair Britannia nobly led;
 By patriotic ardour fir'd,
 By godlike liberty inspir'd,
 Why shou'd he take it in his head
 To lose his liberty, and wed?

To

To chuse a tyrant in a wife,
 And be a woman's slave through life.
 Ye sons of Freedom then be wise;
 For if your liberty you prize,
 You must the marriage bonds despise.

SHE.

Yes, yes—be it your pious care
 To make them worse than what they are;
 Tell them they ought to pass their lives
 Deluding maids, debauching wives;
 Assure them it is strictly right,
 Like you, to fuddle ev'ry night.
 What is this Freedom, your sam'd toast?
 This Liberty of which you boast?
 'Tis but a licence to run mad,
 A dispensation to be bad;
 An empty and fallacious name,
 To hurry in, then shield from shame.
 The *ignis fatuus* of the crowd,
 That makes them turbulent and loud;
 A madman's pride, and idiot's feather,
 A trumpet to call fools together;
 A flag on folly's temple plac'd;
 A shadow by the mob embrac'd;
 In manners teaching to intrude,
 Licentious, noisy, factious, lewd.

HE.

Madam, while you Court changes ring,
 You quite mistake the real thing.

D 4.

Freedom.

Freedom to man by God is giv'n,
 The choicest blessing sent from heaven.
 It shou'd be dear indeed ;—since we
 Resemble GOD in being FREE :
 'Tis the preserver of each state,
 From slavish fear, and tyrant hate,
 Whenever LIBERTY's in sight,
 Blind justice holds her balance right ;
 Which else wou'd vibrate up and down,
 A slave to party or the crown ;
 But LIBERTY, that sacred trust,
 Compels a Monarch to be just ;
 Protects the inoffensive poor,
 Against the rich with all their store.
 For Freedom our forefathers stood,
 And Britons seal'd it with their blood,
 Then, Britons, prize your *Liberty*,
 And rather die than not be free ;
 Pure let your privileges live,
 As bars against prerogative.

SHE.

Surrounded by a crowd of boys,
 You think you're free in making Noise,
 You prize your Freedom ev'ry hour,
 In railing at the Men in pow'r ;
 How low must Liberty be sunk ?
 Supported only by the drunk ?

HE.

HE.

What ! must a cause then needs be bad,
 Because good wine is to be had ?
 Why should it any one annoy,
 That Freedom's Sons themselves enjoy ?
 While Heaven its bounties does display,
 You know " t'enjoy is to obey ;"
 And Providence its kindness shows,
 In Liberty, Meat, Drink, and Cloaths.
 Then let us glory in our fate,
 Since Heaven's least benefit is great ;
 Besides, the ministerial clan
 All love good living to a man ;
 They'll gormandize, and guzzle too,
 As much as Freedom's Sons can do.
 A *Patriot* show whom wines inflame,
 I'll show a Courtier just the same.

SHE.

Yes, but the Ministry can pay
 For what its Agents throw away ;
 Whatever they profusely spend
 Improves their fortunes in the end.
 Think of Lord *Supple*'s sudden rise,
 And learn your *Patriots* to despise,
 Who from a Toyshop cou'd emerge,
 To be the Patriotic scourge ;
 For Children once he rattles made,
 But now the Court enjoys his Trade ;

He shines in a politer sphere,
 Himself the rattle of a Peer.
 At first, self-int'rest at his heart,
 When he assum'd the courtly part,
 And threw on Patriots vengeful ire,
 He rose—a promising Esquire ;
 A quarrel on a Lord Mayor's night
 Gained him the honour of a knight ;
 To crown the whole, now on record,
 In his own right—he shines a Lord :
 Follow the Court—Renounce your trade,
 Hate Freedom, and your Fortune's made.
 But now you ramble night and day,
 With Patriots you are forc'd to pay,
 And throw your substance quite away.
 See — Poverty weighs down one scale,
 In t'other fortune's smiles prevail,
 Then like a man of prudence chuse,
 Which to accept, which to refuse.

HE.

Where the shoe pinches, now I see,
 It is your pride hates Liberty ;
 Pride, with curst avarice combin'd,
 Debases, and perverts your mind ;
 So you possess but store of gold,
 You care not if your Country's sold ;
 So you could shine a Lady gay,
 You'd give the nation's rights away ;

And

And for a little gaudy show
 Our *Sacred Charters* overthrow :
 But I, with liberal notions fraught,
 Ne'er entertain the narrow thought ;
 To whate'er fate my follies tend,
 I'm firmly still my *Country's* friend ;
 For her I'd sacrifice my wealth,
 My time, my thought—nay life and health,
 And sooner wou'd sink to my grave,
 The *poorest man*, than *richest slave*.

*Between a MINISTERIAL ALDERMAN and
 his WIFE.*

SHE.

HUusband, you never come to bed,
 But Politics are in your head ;
 Is this a place for thoughts like those ?
 Come prithee, dear, pull off your cloaths ;
 I really think upon my life,
 You hardly know you're with your wife.

[*In deep thought.*]

HE.

Against the rogue I'll always scratch,
 Tho' cunning he shall find his match ;
 What ! call me Blockhead—Afs and Fool !
 Make me the Butt of ridicule !

D 6

It's

It's more than flesh and blood can bear,
 'Twou'd even make a parson swear,
 Gad's curse the fellow's wit I pray.

S H E.

Hush, Husband—Hush—mind what you say,
 For you're an Alderman you know,
 And shou'd a good example show.
 You as a Magistrate shou'd take
 Great care, by swearing, not to break
 Those moral Laws you help to make. }

H E.

Why, Wife, 'twould any man provoke,
 To be the subject of a joke ;
 Am I a fool ? I'd gladly know :

S H E.

Of late your neighbours count you so.
 You quarrel and make such ado,
 With all who do not think like you :
 Of Lords from morn to night you prate,
 And nods from Ministers of state ;
 To Court continually you range,
 A *Drawing Room* is your Exchange;
 And supple bows are only made
 For orders in the course of trade.
 What have the Patriots to you done,
 That thus you from the City run ?
 Your Country formerly you priz'd,
 And every courtly thing despis'd.

H E.

HE.

What have they done? Enough, my dear,
 A different course to make me steer;
 They call me ministerial tool,
 And turn me into ridicule;
 Deride me wheresoe'er we meet,
 Insult me in the public street;
 Refuse to let my carriage pass,
 Pelt me with stones, and break the glass.
 Groan—hiss—and such a clatter make,
 That often I with terror shake;
 When in the magisterial chair,
 From outrage they can scarce forbear;
 My form in Printshops they expose,
 And turn the gazers into foes;
 In Newspapers they wound my fame,
 Without the least remorse or shame,
 Yet never dare to sign their name,
 I think I've prov'd by reasons strong,
 My present conduct is not wrong.

SHE.

If you'll believe a woman's word,
 Indeed your reasons are absurd.

HE.

Your meaning, Madam, if you please?

SHE.

That I'll explain, my dear, with ease;

They

They call you *fool*—that's one complaint,
 Which you emphatically paint.
 If they are *fools* who call you so,
 Despising *them*—*you'll* wisdom show ;
 But if the *wife* themselves agree,
 That one of *folly's* sons you be,
 Strive then your fooleries to quit,
 And daily learn a little wit ;
 Besides, you're not the least to blame,
 For Nature's erring in her frame.
 If she oppress with *folly's* weight,
 'Tis not your *fault*, tho' 'tis your *fate*,
 Then calmly learn to stand the test,
 Return the jeerers jest for jest ;
 Their ridicule as weak deride,
 And gain the laughers on your side.

HE.

But Ministerial fool I'm named ?

SHE.

None but yourself is to be blam'd ;
 Leave off your shrugs, and winks, and smiles,
 Those marks and symptoms of Court wiles ;
 On Lords and Dukes forget t'enlarge,
 (Who debts with words alone discharge,)
 As if you were a Courtier bred,
 And bore St. James's in your head ;
 The Ministry no more defend,
 Nor on its fatal smiles depend,
 They'll prove your ruin in the end.

A Court of old was honour's *spring*;
 And virtues guarded ev'ry thing,
 Made ev'ry noble's heart their own,
 Adorn'd at once, and propt the throne ;
 A Court at present's honour's *grave*,
 And only suits the *polish'd knave*;
 Leave then corruption's courtly train,
 Resume the Citizen again.

HE.

But I expect a contract, love :

SHE.

The purchase will destructive prove ;
 For it you must your *Country* sell,
 And to your *conscience* bid farewell ;
 Curse on a contract, that must bind
 The freeborn soul, and chain the mind :
 Or shou'd a man like you in trade,
 To courtly *tools* a *tool* be made,
 Let your ambition never range
 Beyond the purlieus of the change ;
 Until from business you retire,
 Then rural scenes you may admire,
 And not to courtly woes aspire.
 Enjoy yourself, exist at ease,
 Live as you will—see whom you please ;
 And calmly on the verge of life,
 Resign your breath devoid of strife.

HE.

HE.

What you have said, I think, is true,
But something still remains to do ;
Those insults how must I endure ?

SHE.

In what I've said you'll find a cure :
Be not Court favours then your care,
And breathe no more St. James's air ;
While you haunt Levee's ev'ry morn,
The Patriots hate—the Courtiers scorn;
You're but a tool to aid their sport,
To make the City knee the Court :
But may the plague through *London* range,
And even desolate the 'Change ;
Again may flames our streets consume,
Again may we be slaves to *Rome* ;
May the rich *Thames* be poor as *Twæd*,
Ere in their wishes they succeed:
Your conduct change—the Court refrain,
Be a true *Citizen* again.
Let LONDON'S WELFARE, in your soul,
All selfish principles controul ;
Then unmolested you may go,
Nor dread in ev'ry street a foe :
For fear of hisses—curses—groans,
Or more effectual missive stones ;
Yourself you'll need no longer chase,
Yourself and chariot will be safe :

Safe

Safe in a patriotic name,
You'll shun scorn, hazard, fear, and shame.

HE.

My dear, do you imagine then
These Patriots all are honest men?
Think you they bear, devoid of art,
The City's welfare at their heart?
And that self-interest has no part?
Think you what they profess is true?
And what they say they mean to do?

SHE.

Whate'er they say, whate'er they mean,
Howe'er in the politic scene,
The parts allotted they perform,
Whether all fire, or but lukewarm;
Still let them, cautious for themselves,
Steer over quicksands, rocks, and shelves;
Their conduct is to them alone,
Do you but regulate your own.
If your're sincere in what you do,
Deceit in them will hurt not you;
Conscious integrity is best——
It warms and animates the breast;
Gives inward pleasure to the frame,
Prevails o'er foes, and brings us fame.

HE.

I own you're just in what you say;
But pride and int'rest bid me stay.

If I revenge shou'd overcome,
 To be call'd *Turncoat* is my doom ;
 If I should do as you desire,
 My sanguine hopes must all expire ;
 To *Contracts* I must bid adieu,
 And promise of a *Title* too.

SHE.

Reneunce your int'rest, and your pride ;
 And nobly arm on virtue's side ;
 If changing you account a sin,
 A *Turncoat* you've already been ;
 But never dread that simple name,
 The imputation brings you fame.
 For when by all it's understood
 That you have chang'd from bad to good,
 Your foes themselves can say no more
 Than that you're wiser than before.

Esteem a *Contract* as a wile,
 That wou'd to vassallage beguile ;
 Assiduously in trade proceed,
 And you'll no Courtly *Contract* need.

Since not to founding *Titles* born,
 One gain'd by slav'ry nobly scorn ;
 And let it ever be your plan
 To gain the *Titles*, if you can,
 Of Patriot, and of Honest Man.

HE.

My dear, triumphantly you ride
 O'er int'rest, malice, pique, and pride ;

Court

Court favours here I sacrifice
To what is *worthy, just, and wise.*

.....

*Between an ANTIMINISTERIAL COMMON-
COUNCIL MAN and his WIFE.*

He comes in repeating,

“ O Liberty ! thou Goddess, heavenly bright,
“ Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with
delight ;

“ Eternal blessings in thy presence reign,

“ And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.

“ Eas’d of its load Subjection grows more light,

“ And Poverty looks chearful in thy fight.

“ Thou——”

SHE. [Interrupting..

Indeed to night you’re quite sublime ;
But pray, good Sir, d’ye know the time ?
’Tis twelve o’clock——a pretty season——
Are these your rules ? Is this your reason ?

HE.

My dear, forbear——learn to be wise ;
Let no dispute between us rise.
Indeed I’d have it understood,
My *reasons* are both sound and good ;

My

My rules to this grand purpose tend,
 To be my country's steady friend :
 But as for hours—what's hours to me ?
 My time's my own—my soul is free,
 I always mean to live at ease—
 Go as I will—come when I please ;
 Do as I list, enjoy my will,
 Since master of my actions still.
 Indeed, if through the wiles of knaves,
 We Britons ever shou'd be slaves ;
 If sordidly, for venal gold,
 Our Charters and our Rights be sold ;
 If, robb'd of Liberty's fair train,
 We under tyrants drag a chain :
 I then, thro' force, perhaps, may learn
 Despotic mandates to discern ;
 As order'd parcel out the day,
 And meanly study to obey :
 While under Arbitrary Pow'r,
 I certainly shou'd count each hour ;
 I shou'd in scoring time excel,
 For slaves can always reckon well.
 But while in England I reside,
 By *Freedom's* laws I will abide ;
 Exert, to damp *Britannia's* foes,
 The pow'r that *Liberty* bestows.
 In fine, this is my firm, fix'd plan,
While I am free, to be a Man.

SHE.

Yes, yes, they're vast fine things you utter ;
But words, you know, no parsnips butter.

When you've destroy'd your family,
 And ruin'd both yourself and me,
 By bringing us to poverty ;
 The thoughts of Liberty you'll curse,
 And wish you'd sold it for a purse.
 Your children, in a workhouse pent,
 Will thank you for the sums you've spent ;
 Admire their father's patriot flame,
 That whelm'd them o'er with want and shame.

HE.

Let not such grov'ling thoughts controul,
 And reign in your suspicious soul :
 Must I and Want together dwell,
 Because I wish my Country well ?
 Because from Freedom I'll not swerve,
 My family must truly starve ;
 To dance attendance on the Great,
 And haunt a Minister of State ;
 To make our Country's woes a sport,
 Merely to gain applause at Court ;
 To bring on ruin fairer bid
 Than Patriotism ever did.

Court promises as snares are laid,
 By which th' unwary are betray'd :
 Those tread on ice who e'er depend
 Upon a Statesman, as a friend ;

De'uded

Deluded soon to shame and sin,
The ice gives way, and they fall in.

I've join'd a Patriotic Band,
Against the Court to make a stand.
While I Corruption's tide divert,
My circumstances I'll not hurt.

In future times, my children dear
Shall thank my kind paternal care,
That aim'd to prop the sinking laws,
And, active in the people's cause,
Rose up at Liberty's great call,
And for my Country stak'd my all.
Perhaps fair Freedom may inspire
Their grateful lips to bless their Sire;
And when I'm dead thus say of me,
He nobly help'd to keep us free.

SHE.

These charming things, I own, wou'd do,
If they shou'd happen to come true;
But what a tale must they rehearse,
If fate shou'd make them the reverse!

HE.

Wife, like the Raven, still you croak;
And in feign'd fears your malice cloak.
I own I've no prophetic skill,
And cannot bend things to my will;
But if 'tis honour's cause I fight,
And my intentions are upright;

If

If from the hand I snatch the dart
 That aims to wound fair Freedom's heart;
 Designs like what I've here express,
 By Providence will sure be blest.
 It is my glory, and my pride,
 To rank upon the pop'lar side;
 Despising ev'ry courtly nod,
 The People's voice is that of God.
 To gain, then, I sincerely pray,
 M' Election on St. Thomas' Day——

SHE.

Indeed, my dear, I wish you may;
 If for your good it shou'd turn out:
 But still I entertain a doubt.

HE.

A truce, good wife, with doubts and fears;
 Doubt but the tim'rous coward scares;
 Doubt makes the fearful waking dream,
 And shadows real Beings seem;
 Raises suspicions in the mind,
 And sometimes can the reason blind;
 Doubt rules the dastard, but the brave
 Scorns to submit, and be a slave;
 Doubt cheats the weak, but still the wise
 View objects with much keener eyes.
 If I was on the courtly side,
 Your fears and doubts wou'd all subside.

SHE.

SHE.

Pray, what are Statesmen then to me,
 More than your Patriot Friends can be?
 I have no end in what I say;
 Your good alone my thoughts does sway.

HE.

Howe'er you'd craftily deceive,
 Your drift I plainly can perceive.
 That gold repeating-watch, you know,
 A present was, from Freedom's foe;
 That was to buy your tongue and vote,
 To make your husband change his note;
 To bring him to the courtly lure,
 And give his patriot soul a cure;
 To change his bent of inclination,
 And make him Traytor to the Nation.

SHE.

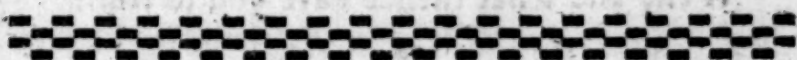
Indeed, dear husband, I protest——

HE.

Your protestations are a jest.
 You think the Patriots will not bribe,
 And therefore favour the Court tribe.
 Wou'd you wish Freedom to destroy,
 And sell your Country for a toy?
 Then in your grov'ling mind revolve
 My firm, my fixt, my last resolve:
 Before from Freedom I'll recede,
 Without a fee shall Lawyers plead;

Ere

Ere I wou'd join the Courtly Tribe,
 Unpaid Physicians shall prescribe ;
 Priests shall devoid of int'rest pray,
 And none get drunk on Lord Mayor's Day,
 In fine, the Thames shall cease to flow,
 The Sun to shine, the Winds to blow,
 Ere I forget I was born free,
 Or quit my love of Liberty.



*Between a MINISTERIAL COMMON-COUN-
 CIL MAN and his WIFE.*

HE.

[*In Soliloquy.*

AS nearer draws St. Thomas' Day,
 The greater is my soul's dismay.
 I must—I must th' Election stand ;
 Yet dread the patriotic band.
 Th' ill wishes of my neighbours chace,
 I almost fear the day to face,
 And fancy, ere it comes, disgrace.
 I, like the Saint* himself, confess
 My doubts, and sweat for my success.

}

SHE.

Husband of late you musing walk,
 Or to yourself confus'dly talk ;

* St. Thomas was the only Apostle who doubted of our Saviour's Resurrection, till convinced of it by Christ himself.

E

Pensive

Penfive and sad you seem all day,
 And sigh the lovely night away.
 What is it so disturbs your rest,
 And agitates your troubled breast?

HE.

St. Thomas' Day you know is near:

SHE.

Well, and what thence have you to fear?

HE.

What breaks my rest, I must confess,
 Is that I'm dubious of success.
 I must each nerve of int'rest strain,
 By any means the point to gain.
 Strong is the party I oppose,
 And in full spirits are my foes:
 Nay, some among the cursed tribe
 Are proof 'gainst promise, threat, or bribe.
 Howe'er I must the work go through
 With spirit and with caution too;
 And leave no single stone unturn'd
 If possible to be return'd.
 For if unluckily I fail
 Here in the City to prevail,
 Lord *Palm* his custom will withdraw,
 And I shall lose a *Suit at Law*;
 Which will be try'd, to please a grudge,
 Before a M***** Judge:
 I must therefore my friends besiege,
 In this the Courtiers to oblige.

SHE.

SHE.

What is it then the Court wou'd have ?

HE.

They mean the City to enslave.
 They wou'd the thoughts of Freedom kill,
 And rule the people as they will ;
 Of Liberty th' idea crush,
 And Patriots into silence hush ;
 Bold Opposition's spirit tame,
 And plunge the Leaders into shame ;
 Make *Englishmen* as meanly crawl,
 As if they had no souls at all ;
 Till they forget they e'er were free,
 Or knew the name of Liberty.
 And when they've made them lowly bend
 To bear the yoke as they intend,
 The rulers, sitting at their ease,
 Will ride the people as they please.

SHE.

Think you in this they'll have success ?

HE.

Not for some years to come, I guess.
 A spirit in the people reigns,
 That baffles ministerial pains ;
 And in their Leaders flames a soul
 That seems to animate the whole.

Infected thus by Freedom's fire,
 Some sparks each vulgar breast inspire,
 And kindle to so bright a blaze,
 They dazzle courtiers and amaze.
 'Tis for this reason sums we sink
 To bring them on to ruin's brink;
 Bribe, promise, threaten, use each art
 To win or to delude the heart:
 For where we meet with stupid elves
 We love to cheat them of themselves,
 To see them guzzle freedom down,
 And pledge their slav'ry to the Crown.
 'Tis thus the Court puts out the light
 That burns in Freedom's lamp so bright.

SHE.

Suth fools pray do you always meet?

HE.

No, no; there's some we cannot cheat,
 Curse on their cunning—they're too wise,
 And love to ope the people's eyes;
 Our private schemes they penetrate,
 And find the secrets of the State:
 Then what they know they soon reveal,
 And nothing from the world conceal.
 Of ev'ry plot and purpose tell,
 And loudly ring sedition's bell;
 Daily the public papers teem
 With some deep-laid intended scheme.

Thus

Thus they the people's freedom guard,
And make our task extremely hard :
If we cou'd crush them with our skill,
The Ministry wou'd have its will.

SHE.

Your schemes News-papers then oppose —

HE.

Yes, rat 'em—they're our babbling foes.
Tho' plots are laid discreetly well,
Something the Patriot Writers smell,
Then in the Public Papers tell. }
Thus is the flame of Freedom spread ;
This is the ministerial dread ;
For they at pleasure might oppress,
If they could silence once the press.
The people's rights the Press protects,
And into public acts inspects.
Oh ! that the Ministerial Class
Could once procure an Act to pass,
Upon this eligible plan—
To hang all *Printers* to a man ;
To banish *Publishers* the realm ;
What pow'r wou'd then adorn the helm ?
But while the *Press* remains quite free,
These hot-brain'd Sons of Liberty
Will not consent to let us sway,
Or the less knowing draw away.

SHE.

These men on whom you seem to harp,
 Whose eyes are so extremely sharp ;
 Are to the Court, as I suppose,
 Exceeding formidable foes.
 How do you manage there, my dear ?

HE.

Why, it requires much prudent care.
 But Ministers adopt this thought,
 That EV'RY MAN is to be bought.
 And so whene'er a Patriot's nice,
 It's only rising to his price.
 For like commodities, for gold,
 Men's consciences are bought and sold.
 Some for a place their Country sell,
 And some thro' whim, tho' strange to tell;
 Others, who wish in pride to live,
 Will Freedom for a ribbon give;
 And thus resign their Patriot fame
 For the meer whistling of a name.
 But when bright gold cannot controul,
 Or titles melt the freeborn soul,
 With private feuds we do our best,
 And sow dissensions in the breast;
 For Patriots quickly change their side,
 When they among themselves divide ;
 There's not a house throughout the land,
 Can 'gainst itself divided stand.

When

When *Discord's Dæmon* once intrudes,
 We make our profit of their feuds ;
 For this incendiaries we send,
 To sep'rate cordial friend from friend,
 Who under friendship's mark betray,
 And pave the ministerial way.
 Like wolves in the soft wool of sheep,
 Disunion's fire alive they keep ;
 Spread yellow jealousy around,
 Or with mistrust in secret wound.

SHE.

This is no doubt delicious sport,
 About the purlieus of the Court.
 Each ministerial heart it cheers,
 To set the Patriots by the ears ;
 But since the Patriots so abound,
 Are none inflexible e'er found?

HE.

Yes, now and then we meet a soul,
 No Arts can reach, no Bribes controul ;
 Whom, grac'd with virtue's conscious smiles,
 No ministerial trap beguiles.
 But now a truce with all this stuff,
 We've had in conscience full enough ;
 I must my trap and springes lay,
 To aid me on th' election day ;
 Intimidate by threats my foes,
 Who dare in freedom's cause oppose ;

If she to-morrow don't mistake,
I've got a pretty swinging stake,
That will a decent fortune make.

SHE.

What have you laid, inform me pray ?

HE.

Enough for life to make you gay ;
Enough to keep a chaise and pair,
For you and me to take the air ;
Enough to make me vie with squires,
And gratify all our desires.

SHE.

But are you sure, my dear, to win ?

HE.

Yes, Yes, *I'm safe within my skin,*
And shall the *knowing lads* take in.
Will Whimpem's in the secret too,
Will understands a trick or two ;
At present to be sure he's *seedy*,
But will to-morrow have the *needy*.

SHE.

Nero's the horse, I think you ride ;
Nero is still Newmarket's pride ;
Swift as an arrow from a bow,
Eleet as the winds that briskly blow.

I'll warrant he'll the field outstrip ;

HE.

You fairly o'er my meaning skip.
Nero will in the second heat,
By *Scanderberg* be *Hollow* beat.

SHE.

My dear, what whim is in your head ?
I thought, that you shou'd win, you said :

HE.

Why, so I shall, but not the race ;
I mean to meet a *rich disgrace* :
What's fame upon the turf ?—Meer trash :
I only mean to win the *cash*.

SHE.

Your meaning I can't comprehend.

HE.

I've by th' assistance of a friend,
Edged against myself, my dear,

SHE.

I must confess that's somewhat *queer*.

HE.

Turf-secrets you don't understand ;
We always traffic *underhand*.
Thus are the knowing ones deceiv'd ;
Thus are we Jockies oft reliev'd.

No

No race at present is fair play ;
 We know *th' event* before the *day*.
 To *run's to game*—to game's deceit,
 And on the turf the swiftest feet
 By the worst pasterns oft are beat.

SHE.

I'm quite surpris'd at what you say :
 I thought the best must win the day.

HE.

'Tis all a juggle—lose or win,
 The Sharper takes the Noble in.
 The merit of a horse is known,
 In fact, to none but us alone.
 A *Lord* with one of us colloques,
 And then his brother *Peer* berogues ;
 Or shou'd a *Marquis* strip a *Duke*,
 His conscience gives him no rebuke.

SHE.

But is it honest to do so ?

HE.

Honest—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ho !
 Twou'd be a mighty pretty chace
 To seek for honour at a race.
 As well might you expect to find
 A thousand women of one mind ;
 A dumb man sing a merry song,
 Or *Obstinacy* never wrong :

An

An ox to fly, a fish to walk,
 A stone to dance, a tree to talk,
 Birds in the sea, ice in the sun,
 As Honesty where horses run.

SHE.

Then if these things are as you say,
 And you design to lose the day,
 What will your Master think, I pray ?

HE.

What will he think ? I know my duty——
 'Tis his commands that I run *Booby* :
 From which, my dear, you may suppose
 He traffics *underneath the rose*.
 He consequently can foresee,
 And means to *feel* as well as me.

SHE.

I think, if I remember right,
 You mention'd it to me one night.
 The *bett* was with Sir Harry Dupe :
 So meanly can your master stoop,
 To cheat his kinsman and his friend,
 For whom he does such love pretend ?
 From whom, as it has been believ'd,
 He many favours hath receiv'd ?

HE.

His friend—aye, and his father too ;
 Why do you think such things are new ?

No

No friendship on the turf is known;
 No deity but gold they own;
 Blood-obligations all are void,
 Kindness and tenderness destroy'd;
 Newmarket Gentry are not nice,
 But stifle conscience in a trice;
 Self-interest always rules the mind
 Of him that knows the world, you'll find;
 All other things to that give way,
 And let it bear a kingly sway.
 My master knows the world full well,
 And wou'd for gain a parent sell;
 No more then let the fact surprize,
 That he should make Sir Dupe his prize.

SHE.

I think such things are very wrong:

HE:

You'll better know if you live long.
 Horse Racers it is not alone
 Such principles and vices own;
 But men in all professions aim
 At wealth, in spite of sin and shame;
 In interested views agree,
 And love a trump as well as we.

*Between a POLITICAL BARBER and his
WIFE.*

SHE.

WELL, Sir, so you're come home from
club—

HE.

Yes, Wife, my skin is full of bub.
Tho' Dick is such a crabbed feller,
He keeps good liquor in his cellar;
The best of stingo—five years old—
So precious, 'tis like liquid gold.

SHE.

Deuce take the *Cellar*, and the *Knave*,
This is the *Sexton*, *that* the *grave*,
To *bury* all the cash you have.
If *solid gold* you daily felt,
'Twou'd in your liquid stingo melt:
You at the Hampshire Hog must dine,
Then come home drunker than a swine,
And snore until the clock strikes nine.
Up then you start—away you fly—
'Tis my Club-night is all your cry;
Candle and fire till two I burn,
When you, quite drunk, again return,

Nay

Nay, you may reel about and stare,
 Or, as is usual, curse and swear,
 But I such usage will not bear.
 Your children here and I must starve;
 'Think you such treatment we deserve?

HE.

Hum! ———

SHE.

Hum! what's hum, you drunken Sot?
 To answer me have you forgot?
 Sometimes your tongue is glib enough,
 And you can swagger, swear, and huff;
 But now 'tis shame won't let you speak:
 We've scarce had any food this week.
 Life's *necessaries* all are dear,
 Yet to get drunk you can't forbear;
 Think how your money must decay;
 Your cash in *candles* melts away.
 You burn your substance in a *fire*,
 What sums in *rent* and *rates* expire!
 There's not an article, it's clear,
 That you can *eat, drink, use, or wear*,
 But that a tax has made it dear.
 Then while you thus pay thro' the nose,
 In reason can you, Sir, suppose
 That you have sums to throw away,
 In getting drunk from day to day?

You

You Rogue, let me know what you mean——

HE.

Sure such a woman ne'er was seen.
I verily believe, by Gad,
That you are gone stark staring mad;
But I can your design perceive,
Thou Serpent's Spawn, thou Scum of Eve:
You'd wear the breeches, I suppose,
And lead your master by the nose;
But I, your sovereign Lord, will be
The Bashaw of my family.
By this right-hand I boldly swear——

SHE. [Beats him.

Take that, you Rascal——there——there——there.
I've often made you *buckle too*,
But you forget yourself, you do;
Your memory I must refresh,
By mortifying thus your flesh:
Then learn to reverence still your wife,
Or you shall lead a dismal life.
Thus you get fuddled ev'ry night,
And think pot-valour will affright.

HE.

My dear, excuse my want of wit,
I eat my words—and I submit.
I own my tongue outrun my sense;
But will henceforth give no offence.

W. D.

We'll go to bed—where, at my ease,
 I'll tell my Precious what will please ;
 How we at club a council keep,
 To render all provisions cheap ;
 To purge the Parliament of Knaves,
 From Court to ferret all the Slaves.
 Again shall Britain's glory rise ;
 Her Rulers shall be good and wise :
 The Nation we will model so,
 That England ne'er need fear a foe.

SHE.

How will you do such things as these ?

HE.

We'll do them with the utmost ease.
 Observe, to make things cheap again,
 The method is extremely plain,
 Fast days again we'll introduce,
 Which formerly were of great use ;
 For from the Calendar 'tis clear,
 Above two hundred in the year,
 In large red letters do appear. }
 Suppers must be forbid likewise,
 Since in the night they're apt to rise ;
 And learn'd Physicians, ev'ry where,
 That they're unwholesome all declare.
 Thus if no suppers you shou'd have,
 One-third of all your meals you'll save ;

Which,

Which, counted with fast days, you know,
Will make provisions very low;
And less provisions will require,
To cook them, certainly less fire.

SHE.

Who on this fine invention hit?

HE.

Why *Pat O'Neil*, a man of wit:
Tho' in his life he's somewhat lewd,
Yet in his notions he is shrewd.

SHE.

What, he's a *Rake* and *Papist* too;
A sweet companion, Sir, for you.
I thought your *fasting* and *Saints Days*,
And other superstitious ways,
From some accursed Roman came:
Keep your religion, fie for shame!
But, husband, let me talk to him;
Persuade him to come here to *trim*:
These *Rakes* and *Romans* shou'd reform——

HE.

I will, my dear; but be not warm.
Reform him, Precious, if you can,
For he is ev'ry inch a Man:
But to proceed in this our plan——
A trick to bring the candles low,
We'll to the Tallow Chandlers show;

For

For Ben the Sailor, who is lame,
 And lately from the Indies came,
 Says there's a stone that's like a flame;
 That will give light in darkeſt weather,
 Like twenty candles put together :
 Carbuncle is the name, I think,
 Which burns ſo bright 'twill make you wink;
 And what much better ſtill appears,
 One ſtone will ſerve a thouſand years.
 Now theſe imported, ev'ry night
 The rich will have a charming light;
 For none except the rich can buy,
 Becauſe the price is ſomewhat high.

SHE.

How are the poor to do then, Sot?

HE.

Peace, peace—the poor we've not forgot.
 The poor, who can, a lamp may chuſe,
 But thoſe who can't may glow-worms uſe;
 Silk-worms, you know, for uſe are bred,
 And on the leaves of mulberries fed :
 Glow-worms, if fed on graſs and dew,
 Wou'd ſerve for lamp and candle too.
 How think you, wife, our ſcheme will do?

SHE.

Indeed I think you all are mad;
 You think of things that can't be had.

There's

There's soap, how will you make that low?

HE.

Wash about once a month or so.
If less clean linen you will wear,
The more you'll save, you know, my dear.
As for the soap I use in shaving,
'Tis paid for well, so not worth saving.

SHE.

A mighty pretty scheme indeed :
Not above half the year to feed.
To go still supperless to bed,
And let sleep serve instead of bread ;
To smother what our wants require,
To be, tho' cold, without a fire ;
To have for candles God know's what ;
No lights, or lights that can't be got ;
And in our dirt a month to go
Is making necessaries low.
You'd change us, if you shou'd succeed,
To *beasts* and *skeletons* indeed.
But your absurdities I'll hear ;
The Parliament how will you clear——
I mean of *Knaves*.

HE.

—— We'll hang them all ;
Then to the ground their schemes must fall.

SHE.

SHE.

What marks have you the Knaves to find?

HE.

All to the Ministry inclin'd
 Deserve to die——It's so decreed;
 So I'm for hanging them with speed;
 For 'tis with us a certain rule,
 That ev'ry Ministerial Tool
 Must either be a Knave or Fool.
 We've fix'd that they to pot must go,
 And what we say must needs be so.

SHE.

The Courtly Knaves must be your foes:
 Of them how mean you to dispose?

HE.

Why, for their flattery and fraud
 We mean to banish them abroad,
 That as our enemies so long
 They've favour'd with an oily tongue,
 To them the privilege we give
 Among our enemies to live;
 Then England will in glory be,
 And, like the air, each subject free.
 Then we may eat and drink our fill,
 And do at pleasure what we will.

SHE.

SHE.

But can you bring all this about ?

HE.

That, that, my dear's the only doubt ;
That's all that puzzles now our brains,
The difficulty that remains .
But if we bring but things to bear,
Depend we'll make all Europe stare.
You'll find your husband has a head,
And things will be just as he said.



S C H E M E R S.

*Between a MAD-BRAINED SCHEMER and
his WIFE.*

HE.

[Starts from a Reverie.

I'VE got it faith—'twill do—'twill do—
A glorious thought, entirely new.
Sublime idea ! noble scheme !
Who now will dare to say I dream ?
I thank ye stars upon my knees ;
You shou'd be thank'd for things like these.

SHE.

SHE.

Husband ! pray what are you about ?

HE.

Hush, woman——do not make a rout.
I've found a scheme——

SHE.

——Deuce take your fits ;
Whate'er you've found, you've lost your wits,
You never lately come to bed
But schemes and plots are in your head.

HE.

This scheme's to pay the Nation's debt :

SHE.

Husband, you'd make an angel fret.
Pray let the Nation's debts alone,
And better learn to pay your own.
To day we had the Bailiffs here——

HE.

Think you that I for Bailiffs care.
My body they shall freely have,
So I the nation can but save.
Now be attentive, mark me well,
And I'll the mighty secret tell :
I'd Matrimony recommend,
For that's the nation's surest friend.

SHE.

SHE.

Sage Sir, pray recommend it too
That husbands shou'd their duty do,
And not at all resemble you.

HE.

Don't interrupt——your tongue restrain;
But mind the bantling of my brain.
All Batchelors at Twenty-one
No more like Rakes shall loosely run;
But wed, or pay a tax severe
Continued to the fifteenth year:
And ev'ry maiden at eighteen
Must pay, or close the virgin scene;
To some brisk Bridegroom's arms resign,
And marry to preserve her coin.

SHE.

Whether convenient, Sir, or no,
They must before the Parson go;
Devoid perhaps of inclination:

HE.

What's love and fancy to the Nation?
Partial convenience always shou'd
Subdue itself for gen'ral good.
If passion does not lead the way,
Yet marriage, and a little play,
Will duty into love refine;
Then to each other they'll incline.

But

But in my scheme what's better still,
 To fix the heart, and mould the will,
 Is when the nuptial bond is ty'd
 Betwixt the Bridegroom and the Bride.

If a young bantling ev'ry year
 The blooming fair-one does not bear,
 Her husband, till six funs decay,
 An annual tax shall surely pay,
 For each omission in this way :
 But when six rolling years expire,
 No farther taxes I'd desire.

Thus, if their lives they hold from fate,
 Six children will augment the State,
 Or else a beneficial rate;

The Bridegroom will know what to do,
 And will, for his own sake, pursue
 The peace in virtuous pleasures found,
 And make domestic joys abound :
 And children will their hearts cement,
 Gild their soft hours, and give content.

SHE.

What then, to pay the Nation's debt,
 Children are they oblig'd to get ;
 Or else to let their money go,
 Whether, poor souls ! they can or no ?
 Absurdities for ever reign
 Within your mind, and rule your brain.
 But if the Ministry run mad,
 (God knows ! they are already bad)

F

And

And such a tax thou'd e'er be made,
 What think you must by you be paid?
 Here's thirteen years we have been wed,
 And rise from an unfruitful bed.

HE.

Poh! let not that engage your thought,
 Another time I'll mend the fault;
 I'll make up things, my dearest spouse,
 Before the Act can pass the House.
 Upon that head no more repeat,
 Nor that I am too old conceit.

SHE.

Well, well, at present I have done,
 From your fine scheme we will not run,
 Suppose—for people will surmise—
 If the first year the bridegroom dies,
 What must the widow do, I'd know?

HE.

Without a husband she must go;
 Or pay a tax to wed again,
 If single she will not remain.

SHE.

Not wed again!—why sure you dream;
 This seems undoing your own scheme.

HE.

No, no—you're out, as you shall find;
 I know too well a female mind
 To amorous fancies is inclin'd.

When

When once between a pair of sheets
 They've tasted matrimonial sweets,
 They'll pay, without reluctant pain,
 One half they're worth to wed again;
 For 'till they're fix'd their thoughts will rove,
 And visions warm the mind to love.

SHE.

You're right, my dear, I think, indeed;
 But if the husband dies—proceed,
 And tell me how you mean to act.

HE.

Admitting such a thing were fact,
 I'd tax the widower till he wed,
 And took another wife to bed.

SHE.

You deal in contradictions sure,
 Or else your meaning is obscure:
 You'd make an hapless widower pay,
 If he unmarried meant to stay,
 But widows quite scot free might go,
 As long as they continued so.

HE.

I say so still—you know before
 I partly run my reasons o'er;
 That widows, be they e'er so chaste,
 Of marriage can't forget the taste;
 Like Sots, who cannot pass a sign
 That intimates *we sell good wine*:

In fable weeds with pride they dress,
 And glances what they mean express.
 But husbands, when their dears they bury,
 Are not so frisky, and so merry;
 They gen'rally enough have had,
 (Since there's few wives but what are bad;
 I beg your pardon, I mean not you—
 For you're excepted in the few)
 So, as sound policy, 'tis held
 To marriage they must be compel'd.

SHE.

Is this the whole of your fine scheme?
 Your fancy's most luxuriant theme
 To pay such an enormous sum? *

HE.

No, no—there's more as yet to come;
 Many shou'd pay for blameful acts
 Towards this necessary tax:
 It shou'd be levied with great care
 On *Parsons* who like *Porters* swear;
 On all who dress in *masquerade*,
 Or wear a *sword*, while yet in *trade*;
 Or, without any right, aspire
 To bear the title of *Esquire*;
 On *Justices* who, to their shame,
 Are found illegally to *game*;

* The National Debt at present is about 133,000,000l.
 Sterling.

On *Doctors* who demand a fee,
 And to their names annex (M. D.)
 By a diploma authoriz'd,
 Obtain'd beneath the Northern skies,
 By which they on th' unwary feed,
 Tho' such Physicians scarce can read,
 Players as vassals shou'd be rated,
 To show that they to serve are fated,
 For now so oft they speak like Kings,
 And utter such imperial things,
 They scarcely know how to behave,
 But think the Public is their slave;
 A tax their manners might amend,
 And let them know they but depend.
 Each whore, to fill the Public Treasure,
 Shou'd pay for her illicit pleasure;
 And as they differ'd in degrees,
 I'd make a diff'rence in their fees.
 Who sin'd thro' want, or inclination,
 Shou'd all assist to help the Nation:
 The courtly dame, whose pamper'd mind
 Is to incontinence inclin'd;
 The frisky *fille de joy* in keeping,
 The pious whore who sins while weeping;
 The prostitute that walks the streets,
 And snaps at ev'ry bait she meets:
 All that are found to go astray,
 To their abilities shou'd pay.

SHE.

Yes, but if women are to blame,
 How will you make them own the shame?
 For if they slip, they'll not reveal it;
 They love to sin, and to conceal it.

HE.

Many the thing at once confess,
 In *thought*, in *word*, in *deed*, in *dress*;
 Push modesty quite out of doors,
 And take a pride in being *Whores*.
 But I've a scheme too for the fly,
 Who sin, and yet their sins deny.
 A Coterie I have projected,
 Whose secrets shall not be inspected
 By any but the Members fair,
 Admitted like Free Masons there;
 But then the Members must be *whores*,
 Or else remain without the doors:
 This will raise such curiosity
 Among the Reps of each degree—
 For Prostitutes they'll sooner go,
 Than not the hidden secrets know:
 To pleasure naturally inclin'd,
 And prompted by a curious mind,
 The Tax they'll very freely pay,
 To know *what's what*, and leave to play.

SHE.

Husband, no more designs pursue;
 I'm certain this one Tax will do.

Between



Between an UNEMPLOYED ARTIST, and his
WIFE.

SHE.

[Alone.]

HARD is my fate, thus to want bread ;
Curse on the day that I did wed !
While single I had food to eat,
My labour still procur'd me meat ;
In a good place I liv'd at ease,
No careful thoughts my mind to teize ;
In peace enjoy'd a plenteous board,
With even delicacies stor'd ;
Till simple love, and mounting pride,
First drew my foolish thoughts aside ;
Sooth'd my fond ears with flatt'ry's sound,
And whisper'd, pleasures shou'd abound ;
Service I learn'd thus to detest,
A place was irksome to my breast,
Thoughts of dependance broke my rest ;
A master soon became my dread—
I cried, I'll work no more for bread ;
I'll mistress of my actions move,
United to the man I love :
I long'd to taste a marriage life,
So plung'd into a sea of strife ;

And thinking to become more free,
 Gave up at once my liberty,
 To thralldom and necessity;
 Consented to accept a chain,
 And let two Tyrants o'er me reign—
Want and a *husband*, who still rule,
 Confining me now passion's cool;
 Distresses will affection damp,
 Gold is the oil that feeds love's lamp;
 Here horrors darken all the place,
 There famine stares me in the face;
 For bread my children loudly cry,
 Which I am forc'd—forc'd to deny.

[Enter Husband.]

You're come—What, have you met success;
 With ought will heav'n our wishes bless,
 To mitigate our sharp distress?

HE.

No; there's no difference in our fate—
 Famine does but procrastinate
 That death which quickly must attend,
 And in the grave my mis'ries end:
 I come home empty as I went,
 Only more tir'd, and less content.

SHE.

Is there no work then to be got?

HE.

Not the least job—indeed there's not:

The

The masters say their shops are full,
 And business either dead or dull;
 " They've goods enough " is all their cry,
 And yet no customers to buy;
 Their Correspondents daily break—
 Their all's continually at stake;
 Scarce any money circulates,
 But paper due at distant dates;
 Their debts are large, and they must stay,
 For all are tardy now in pay:
 Respecting debts, both great and small,
 Happy to get them in at all;
 Many as desp'rate are confest,
 And dubious e'en the very best.

SHE.

Ah ! I believe my heart will break.

HE.

You must these Ills with Patience take.

SHE.

Preach the sea calm, when the winds rage;
 Can Patience hungry mouths assuage?
 Will Patience give your Babes a meal,
 Who all the pangs of famine feel?
 For bread to me all day they cry,
 While I cannot their wants supply,
 'Till through fatigue they fall asleep,
 Then wake again to call and weep.

F 5

Will

Will *Patience* make your children still,
 Or their poor empty bellies fill?
 Our *Landlord*, ask if he's content
 Your *Patience* to receive for rent;
 The *Baker's Bill* will *Patience* pay,
 Or send the *Butcher* pleas'd away?
 While you are out in seeking work,
 They join to use me like a Turk;
 With threats and menaces pursue,
 Of what they say they're bent to do;
 In vain to them were *Patience* thrown,
 For frequently I lose my own.

HE.

Alas! what wou'd you have me do?

SHE.

Can't you some other trade pursue?
 Perhaps you might some work obtain,
 To enable us to live again.

HE.

'Tis all the same—all trades are dead;
 Thro' town a gen'ral murmur's spread:
 Besides, to take a trade in hand,
 I do not clearly understand—
 Masters wou'd call me stupid sot,
 And say they've better workmen got;
 "Think you, they'd say, that we'll employ
 "A man our business to destroy?"

"Trade

" Trade of itself is very lame ;
 " You'd bring our shop at once to shame,
 " And hurt our credit and our name.
 " No, while good hands can be procur'd,
 " Bunglers ought not to be endur'd."
 Such, such wou'd be the Master's song,
 While thus the men wou'd use their tongue :
 " Business is not already bad,
 " Tho' there's scarce any to be had ;
 " But you an Interloper come,
 " Where all is full, and there's no room.
 " Too indolent you seem to be,
 " For such still love variety ;
 " And like a lounging lazy drone,
 " You steal our trade and quit your own."
 Thus neither good success nor gains,
 Wou'd recompence my honest pains.

SHE.

What can we do ?—Have you no friends ?
 For fortune's frowns to make amends ;
 None that in this our scene of woe,
 A little succour wou'd bestow ?

HE.

I've tried them all a thousand ways ;
 All those who, in more prosp'rous days,
 The firmest friendship to me swore,
 And learn'd their bounty to implore ;

But all in vain, their words were wind,
 And, Oh! their deeds—unkind, unkind;
 It pains, it tortures me to speak,
 The cruelty I've met this week;
 While I had money, I had friends,
 Who meant to serve their private ends;
 The friendship of these grov'ling men,
 Was to my circumstances then;
 Now in the world no friendship reigns;
 'Tis marr'd with interested stains;
 And those who think this Passion true,
 An airy Phantom but pursue;
 Which when they vainly think they've caught,
 Will 'scape them quick as nimble thought.
 Of friendship judge by my success
 In this our imminent distress:
 The first whose heart I thought to touch,
 Was one who often promis'd much;
 But he cried out with careless air,
 " You're idle, that's the whole affair;
 " Do not on my good nature press;
 " I can't encourage idleness.
 Another, fond of hoarded pelf,
 Repl'd " Indeed I'm poor myself.
 One said, " you joke—you don't speak true,
 " I'm sure there's work enough to do;
 " Then learn to turn yourself about,
 " And seek some snug employment out;

" Fortune

" Fortune will kindly for you carve,
 " While you have hands you cannot starve."
 Another cried " why go to Sea,
 " You'll make yourself and family ;
 " The Sea you know will not refuse ;
 " A better thing you cannot chuse."
 This asks me if I thought him mad,
 To lend where matters were so bad ;
 And that was quite amaz'd to find,
 That he shou'd come across my mind.
 Thus all in different ways denied,
 And bid me for myself provide ;
 And try'd to hide ingratitude,
 Beneath advice, or sayings shrewd.

SHE.

Then at the last, what hope remains,
 To end or mitigate our Pains ?

HE.

There's one dull light to chear our gloom ;
 A WORKHOUSE is our certain doom,
 Thither we all, alas ! must go,
 Where death will quickly end my woe.

Between

*Between a GUTTILING CITIZEN and his
WIFE.*

SHE.

[*Alone.*

THIS Beast of mine stays rather late ;
They've hook'd him in to foul a plate.

Wed for establishment who will,
I must confess I've had my fill ;
And sit on a repentant fool,
Ty'd to a Glutton and a Fool ;
An Idiot whom diseases bloat,
Who does on gormandizing doat ;
Whose sole religion is *to eat*,
And all the God he knows of—meat ;
A kitchen is his house of pray'r,
All his devotions center there ;
Cooks are the Priests he'd always chuse,
To preach to him about ragouts.
Greatly in Egypt he'd have shone,
And been Idolatry's true son ;
Bow'd to a calf with wond'rous ease,
For veal does much his palate please.
Oh ! here he comes, and puffs and blows,
And has unbutton'd all his cloaths.

HE.

[*Comes in puffing and blowing.*

Well, chuck—by luck I've been let in
To a delicious greasy chin.

I play'd

(HE.)

I play'd my part tho', I declare——

SHE.

That I believe——you need not swear.

HE.

Yes, yes, my dear, I've got a twist
That no occasion ever mis'd ;
To do an empty belly right,
And please a craving appetite,
I'd bett to handle knife and fork
With any man from here to York ;
Their ablest champions I can trounce,
I'm a nine-pounder to an ounce.

SHE.

You think, by all that you repeat,
You live for nothing but to eat.

HE.

Of that you may be satisfied :
What is existence worth beside ?
We *eat to live*, I hope, you'll own——

SHE.

That universally is known.

HE.

Well then, we *live to eat*, my dear ;
The thing is logically clear.

SHE.

Sage Sir, you're mighty learn'd to-night
With logic, pray how came you by't.?

HE.

HE:

You know full well, my dearest wife,
 I never studied in my life;
 I had it from a College Cook,
 Who said he had it from a book.

SHE:

That's probable, indeed, I own;
 I thought the fancy not your own:
 For, under favour, let me tell you,
 Your brains are seated in your belly;
 So when you're sharp in hunger's fit,
 Your stomach must digest your wit.

HE:

Say what you please—jest as you will—
 While I can eat and drink my fill.
 In spite of reading, and of thinking,
 There's wit in eating, and in drinking.
 Didn't some great Lord, in times of old,
 As we're in certain hist'ries told,
 Proceed upon this noble plan—
 And say, *that eating makes the man?*

SHE:

That *manners make the man*, you mean;
 Such things are ne'er with gluttons seen.

HE:

And where do people manners show,
 More than at table, I'd fain know?

At

At meals do people not repeat
 Grace both before and after meat?
 Aye, and besides their pious graces,
 What compliments at taking places?
 Then tuck their napkins up before 'em,
 And fill their bellies with decorum?
 Besides, you know the health goes round,
 And makes good fellowship abound.
 Good manners now, I hope, you'll own,
 Are mostly by us Eaters shown.

SHE.

Yes, yes, I own your graces say,
 With eyes and heart another way;
 For while the words are mutter'd o'er,
 You piously the steam explore.
 In taking seats you make a *Babel*,
 And hurry-scurry to the table;
 Or if Dame Custom makes you civil,
 You wish good manners at the Devil;
 With knife and fork then fall to work,
 More than a *Christian* like a *Turk*;
 Think tardiness a deadly crime,
 And bolt down mouthfuls to save time;
 Keep the jaws full, breathe thro' the nose,
 Until a piece the wrong way goes—
 Then with a cough your haste abate,
 And sputter in your neighbour's plate;
 Roar out for drink like any clown,
 To wash the stubborn morsel down—

Belch.

Belch out, *your health*, then gulp again;
 And boldly at the meat again;
 Then, stuff till you can eat no more,
 At last reluctantly give o'er;
 And when so cramm'd you scarce can puff,
 Cry out, "I think I've had enough:"
 Sick with repletion wildly stare,
 And loll uneasy in your chair.
 Thus I've your picture, Sir, explain'd,
 And not a single feature strain'd.

HR.

Upon my soul you're cursed nice,
 But, if I can, I'll take advice.
Pray what is your reforming plan?

SHE.

Why, hide the *beast*, and be the *man*;
 Eat just what nature may require;
 By reason regulate desire;
 Drink till you can your thirst assuage,
 Nor in the madman's cup * engage.
 Then indigestion shall not breed
 Diseases, that with mortal speed
 Contribute to contract the breath,
 And aid inexorable death;
 Then no ructations shall you find,
 No cholick, no rebellious wind;

* An ancient Philosopher used to say, the first draught was
 for health, the second for pleasure, and the third for madness.

But

But all your system shall be right,
 Your body clear, your spirits light,
 Your mind unclog'd, your soul serene,
 Void of the vapours and the spleen.
 This is the path you shou'd pursue,
 'Tis this I recommend to you.
 But now you do not *eat to live*,
 And length to your existence give;
 You harrafs nature with a goad,
 First force her, and then overload;
 With reason day by day at strife,
 You eat and drink to shorten life;
 Diseases lurk in ev'ry plate,
 Feasts are the instruments of fate:
 Tho' drinking may for pleasure pass,
 You sip destruction in each glass;
 Presumptuously Dame Nature brave,
 And, like an Idiot, pledge the grave.

He.

What, then you'd have me hermit turn,
 And at all social pleasures spurn;
 Renounce the City, roam the fields,
 To see what fate, or fortune, yields;
 For roots and herbage wildly stray,
 And lose perhaps both *meal* and *way*;
 Inhabit with the brutal class,
 And swallow thistles like an Ass?
 Nature, I say, devoid of art,
 Plays but indifferently her part;

She.

She's a good jackall to be sure,
Means to provide, food to procure ;
But have you read in any book,
That Nature ever was a Cook ?
If 'till she cooks you do not eat,
You'll fast, or go with undrest meat.

SHE.

You're widely out ; your fancy dreams ;
I never recommend extremes :
I wou'd not have you hunger feel,
Nor trust to fortune for a meal.
I'd have Dame *Nature* to provide,
Just as the various seasons guide ;
The goods receiving at her hand,
Art as a *Cook profess* should stand.
The dinner *cleanliness* shou'd serve,
And *decency* the dishes *carve* ;
Then with an *appetite* fall on,
And *reason* guide you till you've done ;
The calls of Nature once supply'd,
Leave off not gorg'd but satisfy'd.

HE.

I'm not content without my fill ;

SHE.

Because you're us'd to stuff and swill ;
Howe'er you much less pleasure find ;
Than if to reason's rules resign'd.

Devoid

Devoid of appetite you eat ;
 And neither relish sauce nor meat ;
 You wait no wishes to employ,
 And therefore find no real joy ;
 I say, as oft I've said before,
 If you *eat less*, 'twou'd *please you more*.

HE.

I'll not comply say what you will ;
 I'll positively have my fill ;
 If St. Paul's Church was made of meat,
 I'd Church and Congregation eat ;
 Or if the Thames of grape was made,
 And Claret bore our ships of trade ;
 I'd drink till it did empty stand,
 And leave the shipping on dry land.
 When I am dead, the worms shall say ;
 " Brave—We shall have a feast to day,"
 " This man" (for they will reason thus)
 " Ne'er starv'd his body to starve us."

SHE.

Better for stones provide a feast,
 Than think to reason with a beast.

Between

Between a TRADING JUSTICE and his
WIFE.

HE.

THE thing is puzzling, without doubt,
'Twill like a whirlgig turn about ;
So I can give it either way,
According as the guineas play ;
Can make or mend, or marr a flaw,
For LAW rules MEN, and GOLD rules LAW ;
Howe'er, I'll thumb the Statutes o'er,
And plaufibilities explore ;
Make the reality give ground
'To fleeting shadow, empty sound ;
For I can prove that black is white,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right ;
So to whatever side I change,
The Law with me will always range.

SHE.

What cause is this before you brought,
That puzzles thus your worship's thought ?

HE.

Why 'tis an odd affair indeed,
And does an able justice need ;

I must proceed with cautious care,
 'Tis no OLD WOMAN'S work, my dear.

SHE.

I hope it is not *murder*, love ;
 The thoughts of blood I can't approve.

HE.

This very odd uncommon case
 Bears quite an enigmatic face ;
 A riddle's nature it has got,
 For 'tis a *murder* and 'tis *not* ;
 No *blood* was lost, no *weapon us'd*,
 Yet one of *murder* is accus'd.

SHE.

It seems a riddle then indeed ;
 Explain the case—my dear, proceed.

HE.

The thing is this—a taylor's wife
 Had often with her husband strife ;
 For she, it seems, is wond'rous fair,
 And he appears like *Æsop's* heir ;
 A person so déform'd and queer,
 That ugliness itself might jeer ;
 This Taylor's wife now by the bye,
 Who hath a roguish wanton eye,
 In secret lov'd the Parish Clerk,
 A pious Maccaroni spark ;

He'd

He'd lift his hands up like a Saint,
 Yet like a Sinner wash and paint ;
 Chat like a Pye, dress like a Beau,
 Snif like a Lark—strut like a Crow.
 As Guineas by the sound are known,
 So women's minds by leers are shown ;
 Our pious Clerk to letch'ry leaning,
 By the Dame's ogling knew her meaning ;
 He gave her, since her heart went chink,
 A look for look, a wink for wink ;
 Squeez'd when she squeez'd—kiss'd when she kiss'd,
 Until they ev'ry fear dismiss'd ;
 Then boldly deck'd the Taylor's head,
 Who fairly caught them both in bed ;
 Rage he had much—but courage none,
 'Twas done, and could not be undone ;
 'Twas proper Prudence should excell,
 A Coward always reason's well ;
 Says he, at present I'll not stir,
 But a just punishment defer ;
 I'll take revenge in time to come,
 So the sly Clerk went safely home.

SHE.

As yet I see no stormy weather,
 There is no blood—nor danger neither ;
 His horns he seems in peace to wear ;

HE.

There's more to come as you shall hear ;

The

The Clerk, who in the Church-yard dwelt,
 No pangs upon his conscience felt;
 But thought he might in safety walk,
 And made the thing a public talk.

SHE.

I hope he'll suffer in the end;
 I am no longer now his friend;
 A shocking rogue to *kiss and tell*:

HE.

Indeed, he has not acted well.
 Each night he to an alehouse went,
 And o'er a pipe the ev'ning spent;
 And when he scarce could see or feel,
 With a full load he'd homeward reel.

SHE.

I thought when you your tale began,
 You said he was a pious man;
 I think you did, or I'm mistaken;
 Then sure he'd not be overtaken.

HE.

The pious always love their pots;
 Your *greatest saints are greatest sots*.
 The Taylor schem'd on a dark night,
 To meet him in this drunken plight,
 And put him in a woeful fright.

G

With charcoal he rubb'd o'er his face,
 To give a diabolic grace ;
 Tobacco pipes for teeth he plac'd,
 A bushy beard his chin embrac'd,
 His body a bull's hide encas'd ;
 Exalted high the horns were seen,
 To add to his infernal mien ;
 Horns he had sure a right to wear,
 Since dubb'd a cuckold by his dear ;
 Thus clad, he waited in the dark,
 The coming of the Parish Clerk ;
 Who, terrify'd at such a sight,
 Wou'd fain have run, to shun the sprite ;
 But fear and drink at once assail,
 His trembling legs begin to fail ;
 And soon extended on the ground,
 He plainly hears this horrid sound :
 " Wretch thou shalt die, prepare to go
 " With me to dismal shades below ;
 " Satan I come"—he faintly cried ;
 Then fell into a fit, and died.

SHE.

And so the fool is really dead !

HE.

Yes, he ne'er since has rais'd his head ;
 The Taylor bragg'd of what he'd done,
 And call'd it most delicious fun ;

But

But the Clerk's friends th' affair did hear ;
Then took him up and brought him here.

SHE.

What can in such a case be done ?

HE.

According as the guineas run ;
'Tis *int'rest* must the thing decide,
My certain and unerring guide ;
That side that best can sink the scale,
With gold, will certainly prevail ;
If the Clerk's friends, as I am told,
Prove men of METAL—that's of gold,
And *palm* me with a decent fee,
The poor man's death reveng'd shall be ;
Th' offender I'll to justice bring,
And *snip* most certainly shall swing ;
What ! terrify a man to death,
Make him thro' fear resign his breath ;
He might as well have kill'd him quite,
As out of life the man to fright.

SHE.

Suppose the taylor's friends are best,
And better compliment your chest.

HE.

Why that, my dear, will change the case,
And give affairs another face ;

I'll argue on the taylor's side,
 A nat'ral death the other died.
 An apoplectic fit I'll prove,
 From earth poor *sol-fa* did remove ;
 I'll say, indeed it's mighty fine,
 That people must their lives resign,
 For accidents they ne'er intended,
 Beneath the laws they ne'er offended.
 Because a blockhead, like a child,
 At a meer shadow runs stark wild ;
 And like a chicken-hearted calf,
Kicks off—at what wou'd make one laugh.
 Thus let them well consider me,
 Chance MEDLEY it at worst shall be ;
 Had he knock'd out the blockheads brains,
 To cancel his cornuted stains,
 'Tho' some the thing might murder deem,
 I'd make it but MANSLAUGHTER seem.
 We trading justices can do,
 Things quite incredible tho' true ;
 A *mura'rer* free from bloody stains,
 And make *thieves* honest for their pains ;
 On *strumpets* chastity bestow,
 And turn *j-t-black* as *white* as snow.
 We as we will condemn—reprieve,
 The PUBLIC can't our schemes conceive ;
 But just as we DIRECT believe.
 My CHARIOT that so nobly bowls,
 On a ROTATION OFFICE rolls ;

Shines

Shines thro' the streets with trapping's gay,
 And rides o'er *justice* in the way.
 You'll find of thieves if you explore 'em,
 The greatest still are of the q——
 More knav'ry on the B—— prevails,
 Than e'er was resident in jails ;
 They're poor, and we are rich, that's all,
 So punishment on them must fall.

SHE.

A justice is a charming trade ;
 A fortune thus is easy made.

HE.

Yes, yes, we've ways you can't conceive,
 The world to bubble and deceive ;
 To gaol I always send a whore,
 Whose greatest crime is being poor.
 From me there's not the least relief,
 For the poor miserable thief ;
 But if they're clever at the lay,
 To WHORE and ROB—if they can pay,
 I freely let them go their way.
 To licence BROTHELS is my trade,
 And yet I hang the thieves they've made ;
 The *whores* protect as they behave,
 Cart bawds, or from the pill'ry save ;
 That *justice's* blind the world agree,
 But yet she can her int'rest see ;

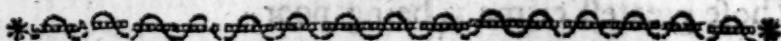
Her balance and her sword at will,
 To profit are subservient still,
 So search the STATUTES o'er and o'er,
 There is no CRIME but being poor.

SHE.

For money you've got such respect,
 You'll any rogue for gold protect;
 Since you'll from *thieves* receive a fee,
 How with *receivers* d'ye agree.

HE.

We hate the rogues with all our heart,
 They of our profit share a part;
 They all shou'd be examples made,
 They're interlopers in our trade;
 And rules of policy decree,
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree.



The MASQUERADERS.

*Between a NOBLEMAN, and his WIFE,
 who has just returned from the Masquerade.*

HE.

PERDITION catch this gout I say,
 That stands in inclination's way;
 I sigh for masquerades in vain;
 It marring my joys, and gives me pain.

Robs

Robs me of Lady Ogle's glance;
 And makes me hobble when I'd dance;
 Zound's ! there's a shoot—confusion seize it !
 Let *Sol* consume or *Boreas* freeze it ;
 Under th'equator * let me fry,
 Or chill beneath the polar sky ;
 Rather than bear such tort'ring pains,
 For *Ætna's* fires run thro' my veins ;
 Such torture mortal can't endure,
 I'd give my title for a cure ;
 The Doctor swore he'd give me ease,
 But he'll swear any thing for fees ;
 Damn him and all his recipes.
 An (M. D.) dog—diploma'd knave,
 A dirty Esculapian slave ;
 A plodding simple culling imp,
 Galenical pulse-feeling pimp.
 I pray his chariot may break down,
 Or that he'd hang himself, or drown ;
 By adders may the rogue be stung,
 Or blisters seize his lying tongue.

[A loud rapping at the gate.]

Oh ! here's my Lady by the knock,
 Let's see, exactly five o'clock ;
 An early hour I think she's made,
 To quit the charming masquerade ;

* Since the late rage for exploring unknown regions the Court
 Cant is geographically refined.

But her report—since I've not been,
 Will help to cure me of the spleen ;
 She'll handle all the troop severely,
 Because she loves ill nature dearly ;
 Of which perfection I'd not cure her ;
 'Tis that alone makes me endure her.

[Enter Lady.

SHE.

My Lord I've just thrown off my dress,
 So what it was I'll have you guess.

HE.

Well then I'll try by guess t'explore,
 The dress and character you bore ;
 You personated—let me see,
 Some queen——afflicted majesty ;
 Aye, aye, queen *Dido* in the dumps,
 When in despair her breast she thumps ;
 And blubber'd up and down the bay,
 Because *Eneas* run away.
 Then died a stupid thoughtless whore,
 When to console her on the shore,
 There were so many lovers more.
 I hope howe'er you chose the rant,
 And not the melancholy cant ;
 A modern *Dido* wou'd not say,
 In the old dismal stile and way.

" *Æneas*

"Æneas is my thoughts perpetual theme,
 "Their daily longing, and their nightly dream;
 "But he's unfaithful and obdurate still,
 " * Fool that I am to place my heart so ill."

A modern whore of royal race,
 Wou'd thus declaim in such a case.

My lover's gone, but my lascivious will,
 Remains the same, and points to pleasure still;
 My soul the thoughts of novel bliss inspires,
 And willing subjects wait a queen's desires.
 Times are refin'd from customs old,
 When minds were modest—blood was cold;
 Now modesty gives no alarm,
 The inclination's rather warm.
 At present, fam'd for constancy,
 A woman wou'd a *phœnix* be.

SHE.

Your fancy prettily is dress'd,
 And in the *bon ton* stile express'd;
 But yet the secret's under ground,
 My character you have not found.

HE.

Shou'd I have guess'd at first 'twere strange,
 When fancy has so wide a range:
 When num'rous characters are seen,
 For choice to fill the motley scene;

* Mr. Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave.

Which you at will might make your own,
 From the low cottage to the throne ;
 The *queen of Sheba* you might be,
 And sit perhaps, and sip your tea,
 On *Solomon's imperial knee* ;
 Else you beneath a veil might lurk,
 The chief *Sultana* to the Turk.

SHE.

In all you've guess'd, you're clearly out,
 I think your fancy has the gout ;
 I neither in a doleful cry,
 Mark'd the distress of doleful *Die* ;
 Nor was I *Sheba's* rambling queen,
 Nor have I whisker'd *Sol'man* seen ;
 Nor was I like a *Turkish blouze* *,
 The *Grand Signior's* secluded spouse ;
 But to the wonder of all people,
 I turn'd myself into a STEEPLE.

HE.

A steeple ! that was somewhat droll,
 But you've an high aspiring soul ;
 Howe'er, relate the whole affair ;
 You made the masqueraders stare.

* Alluding to the natural manner in which the Turkish
 Ladies dress their hair so contrary to British refinement.

SHE.

SHE.

Yes, yes, they star'd enough and gaz'd,
 Some prais'd, some laugh'd—some were amaz'd,
 My head to tow'r into the sky,
 In hair and wool was four feet high ;
 Above this height you may suppose,
 Four feet again the steeple rose ;
 Just o'er my head a square projected,
 In which a belfry was erected.
 Where with great art I could conceal,
 A set of bells to *ring a peel* ;
 Which with a string I held in hand,
 I cou'd with wond'rous ease command ;
 And jingle all the changes through,
 Your majors and bob-majors too.

HE.

Above the steeple had you nought,
 No product of a happy thought.

SHE.

Yes, on the top in curious taste,
 A *gridiron* was securely plac'd,
 On which a *bishop* seem'd to broil ;
 My lord I see it makes you smile.

HE.

Why shou'd you broil a *bishop* pray,
 Does he eat well when dress'd that way.

G 6

SHE.

SHE.

This punishment was my decree,
 For his excessive *simony*;
 As he the poorer clergy eat,
 'Twas fit in this scarce time of meat,
 That on a *gridiron* he might burn,
 For them to eat him in their turn.

HE.

Ha! ha! ha! well done—proceed;
 Poor *parsons* must on *bishops* feed:
 Then *lawyers* shoud on *judges* sup,
 And *soldiers* eat their *gen'als* up.
 But pray go on—

SHE.

—— My Lord I will,
 If you can let your tongue be still;
 O'er all a weathercock was spread,
 Made of a *Maccaroni's* head;
 To any *foppish* breeze inclin'd,
 Contriv'd to veer with *folly's* wind;
 To make the whole affair complete,
 I had a dial painted neat,
 And in my forehead fix'd with care,
 That through the mask it might appear;
 So my *parishioners* might know,
 If *time* rid post—or *travell'd* slow;

A motto on the top display'd,
That time and tide for no man stay'd.
Advis'd to think each hour a treasure,
And dedicate your life to pleasure.

HE.

Where was the Church pray all this while?

SHE.

The Church? myself the Church I stile.

HE.

Pray, *Madam Church*, what rubric name,
What *Saint* as Patron do you claim?

SHE.

St. WHIM, a Saint of mighty weight,
In FASHION'S Parish situate.

HE.

Your Parish does with people throng,
Pray to what *See* do you belong?

SHE.

Oh! we belong to POLLY'S SEE,
Where Coxcomb's hold St. PETER's key.

HE.

Extremely well—go on, my dear.

SHE.

I will; what follows, if you'll hear,
Amazing will indeed appear;

}
Like

Like angry losers cards, the wits,
 By wholesale threw about their skits ;
 One said *this Church will never stand,*
It walks too much—on t'other hand,
 Another cried *it shou'd be man'd!*
 It's a she-saint and wants a breed,
 Then raise up to the pious seed ;
 A fop roar'd, *hear me I beseech,*
Since here's a pulpit I must preach.
 At length provok'd I tartly said,
 Go, blockhead, thump your silly head,
 No cushion here is for you spread,
 Men in my pulpit only pray,
 No asses are allow'd to bray,
 The mask of a *Field Preacher* came,
 Quite over head and ears in flame ;
 And cried with seeming rage put on,
 This is THE WHORE OF BABYLON ;
 And then to carry on the whim,
 Devoutly sung the following Hymn :

HYMN.

Ye sons of sin, ye wicked scum,
 Come to the tabernacle—come ;
 Vile giants of the worldly race,
 I'll make ye little babes of grace.

II.

Attend my words and come to me,
 And righteous lambkins you shall be ;
 At pleasure in sweet meadows stray,
 Beneath regeneration's ray.

III.

Then lead the shades of misty night,
 And seek with me the inward light ;
 What ! are you men and women ?—No ;
 You do not live, you are not so.

IV.

You are not made of flesh and bones,
 You all are only pebble stones ;
 Design'd to pave the streets of hell,
 Where Lucifer will ram you well.

HE.

A very curious Hymn indeed ;
 How did this fanatic succeed ?

SHE.

All after him so madly run,
 I thought my Church wou'd be undone ;
 So I soon flipt away as Church,
 And left the steeple in the lurch ;
 And in a Domino content,
 Observ'd how other matters went.

HE.

HE.

What observations did you make ?

SHE.

I noted ev'ry droll mistake ;
 For with propriety 'twas plain,
 A CHARACTER,—but few had brain,
 To chuse aright or to sustain.
 An *Harlequin*, to be clear out,
 Came lamely hopping with the gout ;
 A ghost as luffy as FALSTAFF,
 Rais'd thro' the room a gen'ral laugh ;
 But Lady *Tripmuch* I perceiv'd,
 The thing will scarcely be believ'd ;
 Who wore, and up and down she run,
 The habit of a *vestal nun*.

HE.

Cou'd she that CHARACTER put on,
 Tho' thrice detected in *crim-con* ;
 But how appear'd her spouse Sir *John* ?

SHE.

Sir JOHN, that he all hearts might pierce,
 Was *Julius Caesar* bold and fierce.

HE.

Cou'd he, poor tame contented fool,
 A *Caesar's* shadow ridicule.

Caesar

Cæsar, who, when he heard his spouse
 Accus'd of shading o'er his brows,
 Could not conceive the word **CONTENT**,
 But turn'd her off tho' innocent*.

SHE.

LORD CLUMSYHOBBLE had just writ
 To dress up like an ancient **Pier**.

HE.

Aye, such a Character might suit,
 For he's in conscience quite a brute.

SHE.

Miss Primly chose the horrid dress
 And form of a French Governess,
 With scarce a word of French t'express.
 Indeed her mouth she just cou'd screw,
 To *Serviteur* and *parlez-vous*,
 To ev'ry question to be sure;
 'Twas *oui Madam*, and *non Monsieur*,
 This with an aukward curt'sy drop'd,
 Absurdity itself o'ertop'd.
 A *Chimney Sweeper* skip'd about,
 Thro' ev'ry room whisk'd in and out;

* After Cæsar had repudiated his wife, upon being informed
 of her innocence, refus'd to take her back, saying *Cæsar's* wife
 ought not to have been suspected.

And

And made each well-drest mask stand by,
 While *sweep foot-ho!* was all his cry.
 "Sweep—sweep—sweep ho! I'll sweep your foot;
 "What's more I'll sweep your heads to boot;
 "I'll clear the funnel of your sense,
 "And brush the foot and cobwebs thence.
 "I'll cleanse each foul and stuff-up pate,
 "And make the smoke evaporate
 "When thro' the chimney-tops I peep,
 "And cry sweep-foot—sweep ho! sweep, sweep;
 "Altho' my dress may duty show,
 "I'd have the proudest of you know;
 "I laugh at greater folks below,
 "So fare you well—sweep ho! sweep ho!"
 Then brandishing his broom in scoff,
 The little sable rogue run off.
 A *Printer's devil* made a rout,
 To find a certain author out;
 Having a sheet to be inspected,
 Interpolated and corrected.
 The author came with awful mien,
 His elbows thro' his coat were seen;
 The sheet perus'd 'midst many sparks,
 Made various critical remarks;
 That it was just gave his decree,
 Then stalk'd off with great dignity.
 Another *Harlequin* with speed,
 And Mercury in his heels indeed,
 Thought proper many tricks to show,
 As quick as gouty legs were slow;

He

He gave the heels of *Wit* a trip,
 From *Critics* made a nimble skip,
 Came unawares with a rebound,
 And tumbled *Genius* to the ground;
 Then danc'd with *folly* hand in hand,
 And lifted under *fashion's* band,
 Till tortur'd *sense* could bear no more,
 And *reason* threw them on the floor,
 And drub'd them till they all were sore.

HE.

A pretty allegoric group,
 But what succeeded to this troop?

SHE.

A Ballad-singer sung a song.
 Which I'll repeat, as it's not long.

SONG.

I.

Ye Princes, if any by chance shou'd be here,
 Ye Dukes and ye Lords, and ye Lordlings, appear;
 Ye Statesmen so grave, and ye Cits with full purses;
 Ye Prim Maccaronies—ye bloods grac'd with curses.

II.

Ye Ladies so modest—so frisky—so lewd;
 The Sinner, the Saint, the Coquette and the Prude;
 Give ear and attend to a pennyless youth;
 Who sings to ye gratis, and nothing but truth.

III.

III.

Ye do not deserve to be censur'd as bad,
 For take my word for it you all are but mad;
 In the garb of *Amusement* dress *Lunacy* still,
 And make your insanity pleasant with skill.

[Sing *tartararara*, *mad all*, &c.]

When this was sung *Mad Tom* came in,
 And made a most discordant din;
 Aye, *ye are mad* indeed, said he,
 All to the full as *mad as me*.

Then curs'd and swore and shook his chain,
 And tore his blanket quite in twain,
 Broke his lath sceptre, cried ha! ha!
 And rudely tore his crown of straw;
 Then said "I'm happier than a king,
 "This blanket is as warm a thing
 "As any robe a Monarch wears,
 "Nor does it bring me half the cares.
 "I drag a chain, but it's my own,
 "A king is chain'd unto his throne;
 "But must not take his throne away,
 "So I'm the freest man you'll say;
 "His *sceptre* and his *right divine*,
 "Are only simple toys like mine;
 "He for the state alone must live,
 "His pow'r his meanest subjects give;
 "His guards and all his gaudy train,
 "Are but the rattlings of his chain,
 "So *Mad Tom's* station has more worth,
 "Than any Monarchs on the earth."

Scarce

Scarce had he spoke this gasconade,
 When a poor *king* his entrance made ;
 His throne was chain'd upon his back,
 Just like a Pedlar's monstrous pack ;
 He quickly to a slave applied,
 And begg'd his load might be untied ;
 For you in *slav'ry* are, said he,
 Much *freer* than *imperial me*.
 Then *youth* proud, arrogant and vain,
 To *pleasure's palace* led his train ;
 Who wanton, giddy, thoughtless, run,
 Bent to undo, and be undone.
 There *Venus* kindled am'rous fires,
 And all the *graces* fan desires ;
Bacchus the bottle push'd about,
 And reel'd for more when one was out.
Conceit and *vanity* appear,
 And *rashness* with hot blood was there ;
Youth held *intemp'rance* by the hand,
 And drink'd till he could scarcely stand ;
 Yet now and then wou'd slyly laugh
 At *age*, who totter'd on a staff ;
 And bending underneath *disease*,
 Hobbled behind the youth to teize ;
 And cried with mingled truth and spleen,
 Such as you are I once have been,
 But oh ! my folly now I've seen ;
 Through *Wine* and *Beauty* I am lost,
 I've tasted both, but to my cost ;

What

What you think pleasure and enjoy,
 Are what my frame and peace destroy.
 When *death* slept in amidst the rout,
 And threw his random darts about ;
 And cry'd these, these are *folly's* fruits,
 I'll end your *pleasures* and *disputes*.
Old age thro' fear alone fell dead,
 And *youth* precipitately fled,
 This I above the rest admir'd,
 But being weary soon retir'd.

HE.

I'm vastly pleas'd with what you've said,
 However, let us go to bed.

*Between a REFORMING CONSTABLE, and
 his WIFE.*

HE.

MATTERS went swingingly to-night,
 I've got a little trifle by't ;
 Just forty whores, a pretty haul.

SHE.

Did you discharge then none at all ?

HE.

HE.

Yes, I discharg'd those who *came down*,
 I made one hussey pawn her gown,
 To *rap my knuckles* with a crown.
 One I discharg'd for half a guinea,
 She stole it from a City ninny ;
 Twelve I let go thro' money's merit,
 Because I love those girls of spirit,
 Who their * Quids never flyly shelter,
 But freely touch me with the kelter †.
 As for the dirty draggie-tails,
 They're all dispos'd in various gaols,
 The drabs had made so bad a hand,
 They even could n't a MAD BULL ‡ stand ;
 So I sent off the seedy § troop,
 To *nap their dirty Bibs* || in coop.

SHE.

Why did you take them up, my dear ?

* Quids, Guineas.

† Kelter, Money.

‡ A Dram.

§ Poor.

|| To weep.

He.

HE.

Why they *disorderly* * appear.

SHE.

Disorderly ! were not those so,
You suffer'd where they wou'd to go ?

HE.

Yes, but they made the geerges † shine,
There's no disorder in the coin.
They're not disorderly who pay,
Let them do whatsoe'er they may.
A modest B—h I hobbled ‡ too,
She cry'd and made a sad ado ;
I said to Bridewell I shou'd tow her,
And there in durance vile bestow her,
Unless she cou'd the matter cook ;
My ~~man~~ning she directly took,
And fenc'd § her cloak to fetch a shiner ||,
That I to freedom might resign her.

* Many of these Official Scoundrels, by having a kind of unlimited commission to take up any persons whom they in their great sagacity may deem *disorderly*, frequently abuse their Authority, by seizing upon modest women, if they chance to stop or look upon any body in the Street at night, in order to extort money.

† Coin of any kind.

‡ Apprehended or seiz'd upon.

§ Pledged.

|| A Guinea or any piece of gold.

SHE.

SHE.

What was she whom you thus beguil'd ?

HE.

A modest married woman, child.

SHE.

To be so us'd, what did she, pray ?

HE.

Nothing, but just came in my way ;
If I want cash that's cause enough
For me to be severe and rough.

SHE.

Suppose she shou'd an action bring ?

HE.

Pshaw ! I'm afraid of no such thing,
But granting that she shou'd, what then ?
I'll swear I saw her pick up men.

SHE.

But *conscience*, husband, what of that ?

HE.

Conscience ! damn conscience, hold your chat ;
Conscience ! you talk like one that's wild ;
Conscience is but an *old shoe*, child :

H,

Thre'

Thro' wear it has quite easy got,
 It fits the *foot* but *pinches* not ;
 Of knowing ones it is the scoff,
 A *glove* to put on, and pull off.
 Conscience my wants shall never measure,
 Nor hurt my pocket, nor my pleasure.

SHE.

I think there's whores enough to meet,
 Turn where you will in ev'ry street ;
 Enough howe'er for you to fly at,
 And let the married folks be quiet.

HE.

Poh ! d—n the modest drabs, I say,
 I love to catch them in my way ;
 Wou'd they were all kick'd out of doors,
 For I'd have women all turn whores.

SHE.

Why, wou'd you have our sex betray'd ?
 And meanly thus themselves degrade?

HE.

Why ! for the benefit of trade,
 If fortune such a chance shou'd give,
Reforming Constables wou'd live
 Like *Lords* or *Nabobs* of the east,
 And on the female vices feast ;
 But, thank my stars ! we've decent food,
 The age deliciously is lewd ;

But

But still I pray it may grow worse,
 The surest way to fill my purse :
 To day I with my brethren join'd,
 Who are exactly of my mind;
 With sin our trade itself would cease,
 So all we wish is sin's encrease.

SHE.

Pretty reformers you are all,
 But sure some time you'll have a fall ;
 You'd have, if meanings may be guest,
 Your wife turn whore among the rest.

HE.

Aye sure, would you be honest thought,
 And ev'ry other woman nought ?
 For virtue I care not a Louse,
 I want no wonders in my house :
 I'd have my wife, and sister too,
 Turn whores if gain wou'd thence accrue ;
 D—n modesty and all her train,
 I wish they soon may end their reign.

SHE.

Husband, your actions are absurd,
 You swear at almost ev'ry word,
 Swearing you shoul'd reform you know.

HE.

Then I shou'd for a blockhead go ;
 None but a fool would spoil his trade,
 There's much of swearing may be made,

H 2

pick

I pick a pretty penny out,
 Where damns and curses fly about :
 Nay something may be often done,
 If manag'd well, where there's not one,
 For t'other night at my *bopeep* †.
 I found a tradesman fast asleep ;
 Then to the watch-house soon convey'd,
 The drunken drowsy thoughtless blade ;
 Next morn the fool, for doing nought,
 Was soon before his worship brought ;
 Where I on oath made it appear,
 That I had heard him curse and swear ;
 To seventeen oaths I stoutly stood,
 More I declar'd I could make good,
 But out of pity I'd refrain,
 And hop'd he'd ne'er do so again.

SHE.

Dear tender soul, how vastly kind!

HE.

The simpleton was quite resign'd,
 And freely bled with greatest ease,
 The money paid, discharg'd his fees ;
 Believ'd the truth of what I swore,
 Tho' I had only heard him snore.

† His watch night.

Where

SHE.

Where think you, pray, 'twixt you and I,
You'll be dispos'd of when you die?

HE.

Pshaw ! that's all nonsense, what care I ?

Clock strikes two.

But I must go, the clock strikes two,
I've got a little more to do ;
I with a Creole left *Nan Clark*,
A rich but drunken thoughtless spark ;
She said she'd play the cull * a trick,
And if she could the matter nick,
‡ *Touch* him and leave him for the tick ;||
And if she saw occasion ripe,
Speak to his *tatler* § or his wive †,
She was to meet me at the *bear*,
That I might in the plunder share.

Exit.

SHE.

Ye sages who sit at your ease,
Reforming manners as you please,
First your own officers restrain,
From turning rogues for paltry gain ;

* Fellow.

† Steal.

|| Reckoning.

§ Watch.

† Handkerchief.

And

And good examples set yourselves,
To these mean mercenary elves ;
You may perhaps then mend the times,
And not as now increafe its crimes.



Between a CONTRACTOR and his WIFE.

HE.

A Good day's work, two contracts made,
A very pretty swinging trade ;
If these, with management and skill,
Won't buy a coach, then nothing will ;
Iv'e got another in my eye,
That I shall talk of by and by ;
And if I come upon it souce,
Why that will yield a country house.

SHE.

Husband, why don't you come to bed ?

HE.

I've other matters in my head.

SHE.

Yes you hav' more than what are good,
And more by half than what you shou'd,
You're all but what you ought to be,
You think of ev'ry think but me.

HE.

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HE.

You jade, I think of you too much,
Hussey, I shall two contracts touch ;
You shall in a gilt chariot ride,
There's eatables to feed your pride.

SHE.

Your pardon, husband, I'll entreat,
Indeed, my dear, my words I'll eat :
I did not think you'd been so kind,
You're a good deary now I find.

HE.

Give me a kiss, ye coaxing jade,
I tell you that our fortune's made.

SHE.

My dear, your meaning pray explain,
What are the contracts ? I'm in pain ;
My spirits all are in a flutter,
I scarce know how a word to utter ;
I do believe I shall not speak
Another syllable this week.

HE.

But I believe before you're dumb,
I shall be worth a double plumb,
But now the contracts. —————

SHE.

SHE.

—Now my dear.

HE.

Well, huffey, hold your tongue and hear ;
 Why I'm to farm the parish poor,
 And there's, you know, above eight score.

SHE.

Why, husband, sure you've lost your eyes,
 D'ye look on that as such a prize ?
 I fear you'll plough a barren field,
 The poor but poor allowance yield.

HE.

Indeed the thing you quite mistake,
 I'll pretty picking of them make,
 I'll briskly put 'em all to work,
 Like a task-master to a Turk ;
 Their *labour* shall their living clear,
 The *pay* shall all be fav'd, my dear.
 Somewhat perhaps in labour too,
 May to our private purse accrue ;
 They need not ev'ry day they eat,
 To be indulg'd, you know, with meat ;
 Because you know that living well,
 As we can by experience tell,
 Makes people *fat*, and *fat*, they say,
 To *disobedience* leads the way ;
 Then *idleness* o'er all descends,
 And *impudence* besure attends :

So

So that I think that little food,
 Becalms the spirits and the blood :
 Keeps down each thought to rant and riot,
 And makes the half starv'd creatures quiet.

SHE.

Why what you say, my dear, persuades,
 I've try'd the maxim with my maids ;
 The worse they live, I needs must say,
 By much the better they obey ;
 I think poor people ought to starve,
 And that's e'en more than they deserve :
 The punishment's too good by far,
 'They should be hanged or burnt, my dear.

HE.

Aye, they may talk of liberty,
 They shan't grow saucy under me,
 For in the workhouse close confin'd,
 I'll make them all their business mind ;
 A good task-master shall attend,
 With arguments at a rope's end.

SHE.

The sick will at your profits strike.

HE.

The sick and well shall fare alike,
 Let them recover if they chuse it,
 Or die content if they refuse it ;

The

The thing is all the same to me,
Let them and death alone agree.

SHE.

Aye, they howe'er sometimes must eat ;
Love, with what butcher shall you treat.

HE.

Tom Touzer is to find the meat,
Not over good you may suppose,
But I'll hear no appeals from *nose* :
I'll say it's good, and if they doubt it,
Why they may freely go without ;
Tasting will clarify the brain,
And take out ev'ry stupid stain.

SHE.

But if they chance to die, my soul,

HE.

Why they'll be buried, that's the whole,

SHE.

I'm glad your conscience is not queazy,
And that you'll manage matters easy.

HE.

No, no, I've laid a solid plan,
To act with prudence like a man ;

Why

Why can the wretches think it cruel,
 If they're oft fed with water gruel?
 Shou'd I indulge a workhouse breed,
 Why it would be absurd indeed.
 No, thro' the business I'll go stich,
 The *poor* I mean shall make me *rich*;
 I'll bend the mongrels to my will,
 And make their *hands* my *pockets* fill.
 So of the vagrants there's an end,
 On them no farther thoughts I'll spend;
 To t'other *contract* we'll draw near,
 It is to light the lamps, my dear;
 The lamps themselves I must provide,
 And find the oil and men beside.

SHE.

Oh ! that will be a charming thing,
 And you may live like any king.

HE.

Finely the *Parish* I'll beguile,
 And cheat them both in *men* and *oil*;
 For thus the business I'll pursue,
 One man shall do the work of two.
 Yet I shall still the sum enlarge,
 And for a double number charge;
 With oil I mean the lamps to stock,
 To burn till only twelve o'clock.

H 6

SHE.

SHE.

Suppo'e the people shou'd complain ?

HE.

Whate'er they say will be in vain ;
 I'll swear there's num'rous rogues abroad,
 That do the lamps of oil defraud ;
 That my men rob I will declare,
 And make a tale of how I fare,
 Yet say I must these ills endure,
 Since I can't honest'er procure.
 The vestry thus I shall amuse,
 And they th'omissions will excuse ;
 For the Parishioners, I say,
 Shou'd be at home ere close of day ;
 If not why let them grope their way ;
 Or if it chances break their shins,
 And let him sily laugh that wins.

SHE.

You'll certainly a fortune raise ;
 How I admire your cunning ways !

HE.

Aye, deary, you'll admire much more,
 When I have run the thing quite o'er.

SHE.

Then let me hear—Come tell your wife,
 Cheating's the pleasure of my life.

HE.

HE.

Why if the lamps are stol'n away,
The Parish must the cost defray.

SHE.

Yes, but admitting that is true,
What will the profit be to you ?

HE.

The profit !—why you silly elf,
I mean to steal the lamps myself.

SHE.

But will no danger come to you,
If as you say, you chance to do.

HE.

No, love, I shall contrive it so,
Old Nick himself shall hardly know ;
I'll either steal the lamps or break'em,
And they in *statu quo* must make'em.
The glass-man is a Trojan brother,
And sily will the matter smother ;
Sell me again the lamps I steal,
Which he will for a while conceal ;
Thus I shall gain a double prize,
And cheat the most discerning eyes.

SHE.

What can be done ? suppose I beg,
 They'll tell me I've not lost a leg ;
 I'm not diseas'd, nor lame, nor blind,
 All that wou'd be extremely kind ;
 Since charity is now so cold,
 Was I to beg till I grow old,
 Sufficiency I shou'd not get,
 To eat a meal—or pay a debt,

SHE.

My dear, I beg you will not fret.
 Times, my dear love, I hope, will mend,
 And God himself will stand your friend.

HE.

I doubt not of God's providence,
 And hope my thoughts give no offence ;
 A fancy only I indulge,
 And to myself my mind divulge ;
 Starving's the fate I now endure,
 Which I find begging will not cure ;
 And tho' I starve and lay on straw,
 I must not steal—it is not Law.
 O sacred Law, meant to protect,
 How real objects you neglect !
 Indeed you may a Madman chain,
 And so his head-strong passions rein ;
 But can you make his tongue a slave,
 Do what *you will—he still will rave.*

Hunger

Hunger, when to the *bowels wrung*,
Is like a Madman's lawless tongue ;
Yet one for folly you excuse,
The other criminally use.

SHE.

My dear, forbear——

HE.

——Be quiet love,
One thought another does remove ;
I cannot borrow of a friend,
For a good reason—none will lend.
I cannot borrow of a foe,
Because the custom is not so,
Why don't ye for a sailor go ?
What! leave my wife and children three,
All that is dear to life and me ?
No, fortune for us all shall carve,
Or else w'ell all together starve.
Besides, on ev'ry hand 'tis said,
There's many sailors out of bread ;
Like Manufacturers distressed,
Or badly done for at the best ;
Go for a Soldier——“ you're too short,
Wou'd be the Serjeant's quick retort,
And so for no one thing I'm good,
Unless to live devoid of food.

SHE.

SHE.

My dear, forbear—it frets me so,
To see your unavailing woe ;
Tell me how such distress is made,
And what so greatly stagnates trade.

HE.

The foreign markets all are spoil'd,
Home foes, by foreign foes beguil'd,
At our destruction long have toil'd.

SHE.

There is no British subject sure,
So mean our ruin to procure ;
To sacrifice at once the Laws,
And trade against his Country's cause.

HE.

Ah ! you're unknowing in life's scene,
There's many thousands are so mean ;
Who foreign Manufactures love,
And much beyond their own approve.

SHE.

What are the foreign better then ?

HE.

No, but it is the taste of men ;
Goodness ye never need to bring ;
Far fetch'd and dearly bought's the thing ;

The

The Manufacturers this breaks,
 Their credit large—So is their stakes.
 The merchant for his turn comes in;
 A bankrupt he as they have been,
 The lesser traders in the round,
 Are speedily insolvent found;
 For being join'd like link to link,
 They in their diff'rent circles sink;
 Ruin, like pitch, where'er it goes,
 To others sticks and spoils their cloaths;
 Hence is it that destructions spread,
 Hence is it that all trade is dead;
 Hence is it I've no work to do,
 Hence is it you must suffer too.

SHE.

What think our rulers, pray, of this?

HE.

Our rulers are dissolved in bliss,
 For they at present think it so,
 But pleasure may be chang'd to woe;
 When the foundation's sap'd away,
 The noble fabric must decay;
 No credit now is to be given,
Men scarce wou'd take a bond of Heaven;
 Doubtful and doubting all appear,
 Fearful and objects still of fear;
 They lay their papers on their shelves,
 Mistrustful almost of themselves.

In

In trade their coin they'll hardly grant,
Fearing the thoughts of future want.

SHE.

A horrid picture 'tis you paint ;

HE.

Yes, but the colours are but faint :
If I shou'd lay 'em to the height,
It wou'd, my dear, distract you quite.

SHE.

What ! is it worse than what you say ?
Then let us shun the light of day ;
Some misery we yet may have,
By sinking sooner to the grave,
Death can't a single terror give,
All that I fear is now to live.

HE.

My dear, to heaven resign your will,
Things may as yet be better still.
If England will not life bestow,
But gives a scene of certain woe,
Another place may care beguile,
And make our labour once more smile.
AMERICA, with open arms,
Presents us with her rural charms ;
Invites to cultivate the grain,
And not to cultivate in vain ;

Our

Our lands the tillage will repay,
And labour see a chearful day.

SHE.

Haste then, my dear, quick let us go,
From scenes of complicated woe;
Another climate may redress,
And make amends for our distress;
We in America may find
That calm serenity of mind,
Which peace and plenty can bestow,
On souls who once were plung'd in woe.



Between a FORESTALLER and his WIFE.

SHE.

HOW can you thus the poor distress?
Think you that heaven will ever bless
You and the fortune you possess?
The faces of the poor you grind,
And those in power with falsehoods blind;
Leave nothing to the work of chance,
By wiles the market price enhance,
By art makes scarcity appear,
When plenty shines throughout the year.
Blasphemously insult the sky,
And providential good deny.

Still

Still by th' expedients which you find,
 Make heav'n seem cruel while 'tis kind;
 What ! is your heart then made of steel ?
 For fellow creatures can't you feel ?

HE.

I think the woman is stark mad,
 What do I pray, that is so bad ?
 I've just rub'd on in course of trade,
 And have a decent fortune made;
 What the plague wou'd you more I pray ?
 You'd have me give it all away;
 And of what use I fain would see,
 My fellow creatures are to me.

SHE.

Your fellow creatures of no use !
 O money, this is thy abuse !
 They made you from the dirt emerge,
 To be, alas ! their greatest scourge ;
 Took you from what was low and mean,
 And chang'd to opulence the scene :
 The wealth that raises now your pride,
 You had from them that you deny'd ;
 Then kindly thank the worthy donors,
 Who gave it you when they were owners.

HE.

Well if from them I e'er had any,
 They had their pen'worths for their penny ;
 For

For nothing they would nothing give,
 And I, you know, was bound to live ;
 You want me to diffuse my store,
 And give it to support the poor.

SHE.

To hurt yourself I do not crave,
 I'd have you like a man behave ;
 With kind humanity proceed,
 Make things no dearer than you've need ;
 Your avaricious thoughts restrain,
 Nor pant so strongly after gain ;
 Gold may buy cloaths and drink and food,
 But cannot buy substantial good ;
 It will allow to eat and dress,
 But cannot purchase happiness ;
 That virtue only can acquire,
 To such a blessing then aspire.

HE.

Pox take your canting whining speech,
 You're fit for nothing but to preach ;
 Why don't you go into Moorfields,
 With troops of blackguards at your heels ?
 But what has this to do with me ?

SHE.

What ? have you no humanity !
 No, nor I will not ruin'd be,

HE.

HE.

For where humanity prevails;
 Folks dream of nothing but of gaols,
 Then be it mine to be possess'd,
 Of *iron heart*, of *iron chest*;
 My bowls in comfort I shall quaff,
 Let who will *cry*, so I can *laugh*;
 Let poverty the piteous cure,
 I'll be obdurate and secure;
 I think I certainly shall find,
 A golden purse, a golden mind,
 In amity together join'd.

SHE.

In time you'll find out to your cost,
 When soul and body you have lost,
 That riches are a dreadful share,
 And plunge the owners in despair.
 Besides, you rise on wings of pride,
 As if you had been deified;
 Say things shall be at such a price,
 And call that prudence which is vice;
 Nay, even antedate what's dear,
 And fix the prices for next year;
 As if of life you had a lease,
 And cou'd exist just as you please.

HE.

HE.

HE:

Why, wife, upon my prudent plan,
 I raise myself to more than man ;
 I o'er the people hold a rod,
 Chastising like a Demi-God ;
 Can make them laugh if I incline,
 Plunge them in tears, and make them whine ;
 I have the seasons at command,
 They move obedient to my hand ;
Plenty I cause to smile around,
 Or make pale *famine* curse the ground ;
 If fruitful times the heav'ns ordain,
 And bless the ground with kindly rain,
 At pleasure I can step between,
 And change heaven's purpose and the scene.

SHE.

Blasphemous wretch !—of reptiles least,
You more than man—*You're less than beast* ;
 But *heaven* will sure ordain your fall,
 And *hell* monopolize you all ;
 All, all who to augment their store,
 Dig in the bowels of the poor.
 The scheming head, the cruel heart,
 Shall meet the keenest vengeful dart ;
 And for your crimes, which are your pride,
 And for the poor, whom you deride,
 Know to reward you for the whole,
The devil has forstall'd your soul.

Between

Between an INSOLVENT DEBTOR, *and his*
WIFE.

HE.

O Cruel custom, Britain's stain,
Which neither God nor Laws ordain !
That man immur'd must starve through life,
Himself, his children and his wife ;
And mourn away the dismal time,
Tho' unconvicted of a crime ;
I chanc'd to be unfortunate,
And so have met this cruel fate.
Instead of pity to distress,
My foes are suffer'd to oppress ;
Without the suffrage of a jury,
With more than *inquisition* fury,
Into my very vitals gnaw,
Against Religion, Reason, Law.

SHE.

What are you then indeed, my dear,
Against your Country's Laws put here ?

HE.

There is no Law, 'tis all a fiction,
Thus to confine before conviction ;
Custom alone confines me here,
'Twas custom made the bonds I wear.

I

SHR.

SHE.

I've heard it in experienc'd rules,
That *custom was the Law of fools* ;
But thought it not the Law from thence,
Of *Judges*, and of men of sense.

HE.

Custom, you see, o'er right prevails,
Preponderating reason's scales ;
Thus is th'unhappy man of trade,
To suffer more than felons, made.

SHE.

Do the great know what you endure ?
If ignorant they cannot cure.

HE.

Yes, the great know of our distress,
But yet are tardy to redress :
O *Liberty* ! thy sacred beams,
Drawn in a focus to extremes,
Does its own purposes defeat,
And scorch where it should gently heat.

SHE.

The practice, on my honest word,
Is both unlawful and absurd ;
Those creditors are surely fools,
Who follow custom's silly rules ;

Instead

Instead of making pris'ners pay,
 It takes the very pow'r away;
 Confines the hands, gives sorrow's cup,
 And locks the honest meaning up;
 Permits not you a friend should be,
 To them, or your own family;
 Since prisons cannot debts discharge,
 Why not th' unfortunate enlarge?

HE.

It shou'd me so, in reason's cause,
 Under restrictions, and such laws,
 As might the good of both promote,
 And fortune once more set afloat;
 But now what can a pris'ner do,
 Lost to himself and country too;
 But like a bird, whom bars confine,
 In silence at his fate repine;
 For if he shou'd aloud complain,
 His plaints and sorrows are in vain.

SHE.

Thus the poor working man in trade,
 A very easy prey is made;
 If cash runs short, and things go ill,
 And he cannot discharge a bill,
 It opportunity bestows,
 Upon the cruel to be foes;
 And what some moments might remove,
 Perhaps does his destruction prove;

Perhaps it may a *false debt* be,
 That causes all this misery ;
 Yet cruel custom takes its course,
 The innocent have no resource.

HE.

What you say, love, is but too true,
 A writ of trespass * must ensue ;
 The horrid bailiffs then are seen,
 With brows that never look serene ;
 The wretch oppress'd with fear and dread,
 Next to a spunging house is led ;
 As from one wave another flows,
 From one demand another grows ;
 The bailiff, with infernal skill,
 Dissembles, to obtain good will ;
 And then with sympathetic airs,
 Fishes into your v hole affairs ;
 Then to your creditors he goes,
 And makes them all your deadly foes.
 Detainers now come on so fast,
 You must away to gaol at last ;
 The spunging house your cash has drain'd,
 Your pockets low, your mind is pain'd ;
 To gaol you're hurried soon away,
 Where heavy fees appear to pay ;
 Friends you have very few, if any,
 And so are left without a penny ;

* The writ itself is a mean subterfuge. A man is arrested not
 for debt, but a trespass.

Just

Just to exist you must dispose,
 By swift degrees, of all your cloaths ;
 Till you, of friends and hopes bereft,
 Have nothing but your sorrows left ;
 Yet people madly will agree,
 This is a *land of liberty*.

SHE.

My dear, your head no more distract,
 But pray to heav'n to send an act.

*Between a SPECULATIVE STOCK JOBBER
 and his WIFE.*

HE.

'TIS done, I'll a *Rebellion* raise,
 'Twill more than foreign wars amaze.

SHE.

Now heavens preserve the lives of kings,
 And keep you from such dang'rous things ;
 Dear husband, pray, attend to reason,
 And do not have a hand in treason.

HE.

Why, sure, the woman's brains are muddy,
 I mean to raise it in my study ;

I 3

You

You Simpleton, you need not chafe,
 The king shall on his throne be safe;
 The queen his Majesty shall please,
 Sooth his soft hours and breed at ease.
 The rebels will appear a dream,
 A fictitious purpose-serving scheme;
 I'll raise them in my plotting brain,
 And marshal them upon the plain;
 Nay, to assist them, foreign aid
 These peaceful kingdoms shall invade
 And gay auxiliaries from France,
 Towards the capital advance;
 Foes shall their bloody standards rear,
 And shouting treason rend the air;
 Then I'll commence a smart campaign,
 In which some thousands shall be slain;
 Skirmish—besiege—advance—retreat,
 Sometimes subdue, sometimes be beat.

SHE.

Pray, won't all this to mischief tend?

HE.

No, no, 'tis harmless sport, depend;
 Ten thousand shall in fight be kill'd,
 And not a drop of blood be spill'd.
 I'll make a host of foes retire,
 And not a single musquet fire;
 Cities I'll storm, and towns alarm,
 Without a single thought of harm.

SHE.

SHE:

Husband, I must conclude a fact,
Your brain most certainly is crackt;
What can these monstrous things produce?
I can't perceive they'll be of use.

HE.

What signifies what you conceive?
Have faith, attend me and believe;
The use of what I'll make appear,
Is to excite a gen'ral fear;
In cots and palaces to spread,
Like wild-fire, universal dread;
To raise a ferment in the nation,
In this grand hour of dissipation;
Then while all harum scarum scramble,
Slink into holes, from danger ramble;
Sure Lucifer himself is in it,
If I can't nick the lucky minute;
Enjoy the workings of my flam,
And to the top my coffers cram;
In troubled waters fishing's good,
But nought when undisturb'd the flood.

SHE.

How will such profit thence accrue,
As you prognosticate to you?

I 4

HE.

HE.

Why, when the terror seizes all,
 The stocks most certainly will fall;
 All will sell out then in a trice,
 I'll buy their stocks at my own price;
 In a few days the lye will be
 Found out, and their credulity;
 All will repurchase what they'd sold,
 Then I'll resell and flow in gold;
 Peace both in England, and with France,
 The price of stocks must needs advance;
 This is my market—this the plan,
 To make me figure like a man.

SHE.

But are you sure, that they'll believe
 The lyes with which you wou'd deceive?
 Or if believing, can you tell,
 That in their fright their stock they'll sell?

HE.

Say what you will, tho' quite absurd,
 The English take you at your word;
 Implicitly believe your lyes,
 Tho' common sense assent denies;
 Witness the *Rabbit-breeding* wife,
 And *Betty Canning's* noted strife;
 Or how the *Bottle Conjurer* chose,
 The nations folly to expose;

More

More than all else beneath the sun,
 The English after shadows run ;
 And thus for the Stock-jobbing race,
 It is the most convenient place.
 Their Stocks when in a fright they'll sell,
 Tho' they cannot the reason tell.
 In Philosophic Works is found,
 A postulatum good and sound ;
 That what *we firmly think is true*,
 This is the maxim I pursue ;
 I make them verily believe,
 What as my int'rest I conceive.

SHF.

Stock-jobbing is, by what you've said,
 To me, a most amazing trade.

HE.

No *trade*, but 'tis a *science*, love,
 And does on lib'ral motions move ;
 All arts have *rudiments*, you'll find,
 T'initiate the youthful mind ;
Axioms and *rules* self-evident,
 To help to mount the steep ascent ;
 So in Stock-jobbing you espy,
 The first great Axiom is a *lye* ;
 A *lye* the second, and the third,
 A *lye* again upon my word ;

Hence noble speculations rise,
And hence w're counted rich and wise;
Stock-jobbing's science hence appears,
To rest on *lies*, and act on *fears*.



Between an OPULENT FARMER *and his*
WIFE.

HE.

I Brought my corn all back to day,
My price they did not chuse to pay;
Damn 'em since they make such ado,
Why let 'em starve, or buckle too.

SHE.

Deary, to wade thro' thin and thick,
Get less, and let the sale be quick;
That's the best maxim, love, I think,
A quick return makes money chink.

HE.

I think, with think and chink you're mad;
If when 'twas sold, more could be had,
Your scheme perhaps might chance to strike,
Such quickness of return I'd like;
But, silly woman, 'ant it clear,
There's but *one harvest* in the year;

If

If I sell all my corn to-day,
What must I do to-morrow, pray.

SHE.

I only said a word, don't huff,
Besides, you know, you've got enough;
I know likewise, tho' I'm a dunce,
When things are sold that *once is once*.

HE.

But *once* I own they can be *sold*,
Yet *twice* in *once* is often told,
When to advantage we turn gold.
If I had sold my corn to day,
At a good price, as I may say;
And the next market day shou'd rise,
'Twould make me pull out both my eyes;
Since this large farm I've had, I pride me,
In letting nothing slip beside me.

SHE.

Aye, your're a good kind-hearted dear,
Of the main chance you still take care.

HE.

If things are dear, as is but just,
They know to what they have to trust;
By me and others 'tis agreed,
Those who of food stand most in need,
Must labour hard before they feed;
For as they *sow* they shall not *reap*,
Things to a proper price we'll keep.

SHE.

Well, well, I'll say no more I trow,
Better than me these things you know.

HE.

Then always learn to hold your tongue;
Or else you'll be for ever wrong;
If things should happen to be low,
The poor quite impudent would grow.
And should we profit once neglect,
They always would the same expect;
The common people pamper'd grumble,
Then keep them poor to make them humble.

SHE.

Why, you say true upon my life,
There's Joan the *litt'e farmer's wife*;
E'er since she had a fortune left,
Has of her senses been bereft;
She hardly can a curtsy drop,
Or with a neighbour kindly stop;
And yet the money is but small,
Tis but five hundred pounds in all;
Yet they as fine as us can go,
Or rather make a better show;
And in a bran new chaise and one,
Like harum scarum devils run,

* Alluding not to the stature of the man, but to the size of his farm; for the opulent farmers mention the lesser farmers in the country with the same contempt as some Lordlings do the scum in London.

I wish

HE.

I wish you'd hold your jabb'ring prate,
 Why should their chaise get in your pate?
 The time does very near approach;
 In which you'll ride in your own coach.

SHE.

A coach! —

[Screams out.]

HE.

— Yes, why the plague do y'e scream,
 D'ye think I lye, or only dream?
 This thing I long ago had plann'd,
 I've not for nothing plough'd my land;
 Soon on a fortune I'll retire,
 Live like a Lord, eclipse the Squire;
 Swear tho' the Parson may rebuke,
 Drefs like a King, outgame a Duke;
 My daughters too, and you my wife,
 Shall all launch into higher life.

SHE.

I drop down dead with joy, my dear,
 Such sweet, delicious news to hear;
 I must your lovely daughters tell,
 They'll the Court Ladies all excell;
 You know that they abound in wit,
 And can speak French a little bit;

And

And dance, — I'll go, I am so glad,
I know the news will drive 'em mad.

Exit.

HE.

For all the coach your note will change,
Or else I think it will be strange;
For I beneath your nose shall keep,
A mistress, love, to make you weep;
*I've very fairly plough'd my ground,
That I might run thro' pleasure's round.*



Between a QUACK DOCTOR and his WIFE.

The doctor repeating, —

“ The first physicians by debauch were made,
“ Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade;
“ By toil alone our strong forefathers stood,
“ Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood.”

DRYDEN.

D *Ebauchery*, I am thy fervent,
And most obedient humble servant;
I humbly bend before thy shrine,
Thou best, and dearest friend of mine;
Thou institutor of a trade,
By which a rapid fortune's made;
*That God, it has by some been penn'd
Made not his work for man to mend:*

Vic

Vice gives diseases, and men blend 'em,
And marr themselves for us to mend 'em.

SHE.

Why do you so confus'dly walk?
What is it to yourself you talk?
Pray come to bed;—

HE.

— Yes, yes, by and by,
That I'm a *Quack* is all the cry;
What then? A *Quack* is but a name,
I rival regulars in fame:
My chariot on as ealy springs,
As any dub'd Physician's swings;
The guineas I receive as fees,
Attend me with much greater ease.

SHE.

In day time let your public bills,
Puff off your bolusses and pills,
Your Ointments, drops, electu'ries,
To terrify each dire disease;
Or in the papers sagely tell,
That a sick man cannot be well;
Then to a tale of wonders run,
And speak of cures that ne'er were done;
And of the lives you've still to save,
If people properly behave.

Pray

HE.

Pray hold that most eternal clack.

SHE.

'Tis a disease, I can't alack,
Since now of remedies we're tatling,
Pray can't you cure you're wife of prating?

HE.

I wish I could but give her sense,
Or cure her of impertinence.

SHE.

What is it, sir, that you can't do,
A great and learn'd Physician too?

HE.

Madam for all your ill-bred jeers,
Your jests, and your malicious sneers;
Great cures in foreign parts I've done,
And much applause and fame have won.

SHE.

Freely your talents you bestow,
On all abroad, on ev'ry foe;
Great cures you do in Spain and Rome,
But are a niggard quite at home;
Abroad you shew your cunning skill,
At home do nothing else but kill;

Then

Then *attestations* you can get,
And are to falsehood much in debt.

HE.

Wife, I command you hold your peace.

SHE.

Command away, I shall not cease ;
Fly, husband, if you can't endure it,
And if it's a disorder cure it.

HE.

I charge you on a wife's obedience,
On matrimonial allegiance,
That you no more attempt to utter.

SHE.

Well, well, I'll be content and mutter.

HE.

Yes, yes, amazing cures I've done,
In Phyfic equal to the sun ;
To me all Medicines are known,
In *torrid* or in *frigid* zone ;
Phœbus to me a dunce appears,
And ought to wear the ass's ears,
I know more *simples* than he sees.

SHE.

Simplicity is your disease.

HE.

HE.

Again thou plague, thou very wife,
 Thou *dose* that makes me nauseate life ;
 Thou *jalap* of the devil's dung,
 A thousand *blisters* seize thy tongue ;
 Thy bones may *Rheumatism's* twinge,
 Thy nerves may *palsied* pains unhinge.
 May the *stick* make thy ribs to crack,
 The *ague* shake and break thy back ;
 To punish thy imperious clack,
 One *pill* I wou'd not throw away,
 But let those torments with thee stay.

SHE.

They wou'd be thrown away indeed,
 No cure from pills like thine proceed.

HE.

Thy falshood's to thyself alone,
 My attestations are well known.

SHE.

You fancy then 'twixt you and I,
 The Public think you tell a lye,
 Or else why shou'd you testify ?
 Why are your attestations out,
 Unless you thought the folks wou'd doubt ?

It

(1872)

HE.

It is a form; you silly fool,
But not for you to ridicule ;
The regulars take up *degrees*,
Some under *patents* merit fees ;
Some are *licentiates*, and we
Without a licence or degree,
By *attestations* spread our name,
And let the kingdom know our fame.
A catalogue of cures make known,
The wond'rous skill that's by us shown.

SHE.

Then, fate, oh ! stand my cordial friend,
And to my fervent prayers attend ;
Oh far from me through life remove,
A *nauseous old man making love* ;
Keep, if I shou'd again be wed,
An *Eunuch from my bridal bed* ;
Keep night and day from me *Old Nick*,
And *Quacks* whenever I am sick ;
Then, fate, oh ! stand my cordial friend,
And to my fervent prayers attend.

Between

*Between a POOR MANUFACTURER on the
Point of emigrating to AMERICA and his
WIFE.*

HE.

WIFE, wife, good wife, pray will you hark?

SHE.

What! for America embark?

HE.

Yes, surely, for if we don't roam,
We certainly must starve at home;
Our griping Landlords, ne'er content,
Undo their tenants for their rent,
And straining to get more and more,
Prevent our adding to their store;
Disable us from longer pay,
By taking all at once a way;
Since such oppression then we find,
To starve the body, wring the mind,
In fair America let's gain,
What we at home have sought in vain;
That ease our native place deny'd,
By foreign Lands may be supply'd.

SHE.

You quite mistake—howe'er we roam,
We still shall find that HOME is HOME.

Those

Those who so wildly emigrate,
 Are rul'd by some resistless fate,
 Which a few troubles wou'd forsake,
 And for a greater number take;
 We know the present ills we bear,
 But cannot count our future share;
 Then do not let us restless run,
 From lesser ills to be undone;
 Nor from a certain evil go,
 To more uncertain, greater woe.

HE.

Can any state than our's be worse?
 Can fate bestow a greater curse?
 A rent—not qualified to pay,
 Encreasing taxes ev'ry day;
 Provisions so exceeding high,
 No tradesman's income can supply;
 On promises compell'd to live,
 And long and frequent credit give;
 By trusting thus, we often lose,
 Or give offence if we refuse;
 The great in dissipation lost,
 Enjoy the world at tradesmen's cost,
 A gaming debt with pleasure pay,
 But send us with a frown away;
 They tell you by a masquerade,
 They are the greatest friends to trade;
 Such words alone are gilded pills,
 Few Masqueraders pay their bills.

SHE.

SHE.

In that, I think, your right enough,
They find no money—we find stuff.

HE.

There is a proverb known of old,
That all that glitters is not gold;
And gold, my dear, in course of trade,
For all that glitters is not paid.
Our labour makes the cockcomb shine,
Who is not grateful—tho' he's fine;
The great in air, in mien, and feature,
In dress and manners out of nature;
Are out in notions, if you view,
Of nature and of reason too;
They think politely while we starve,
It is reward enough to serve.
Fancy their orders honour give,
On which we may with pleasure live,
Since in the midst of gay parade,
We find a total want of trade;
Since HONOUR's lost among the great,
And HONESTY of little weight,
Let's to America repair,
To breathe a less infected air.

SHE.

In the New World you'll hardly find
The people of a diff'rent mind;

Vice

Vice is the growth of ev'ry clime,
 For virtue searh, you'll lose your time ;
 We in America may feel,
 What e'en kind patience cannot heal ;
 Some miseries in the extreme,
 Of which at present we can't dream ;
 At home we always know the worst,
 While to be doubting's to be curst ;
 Besides, if people will not pay,
 You're sensible there is a way,
 The Law is open on your side,
 And does a remedy provide.
 Then do not from your Country fly,
 But stay at home, and all things try.

HE.

As your heart thinks you talk, my dear,
 But, pray, a word of reason hear ;
 With Noblemen to go to Law,
 Wou'd only their decision draw ;
 Secur'd in riches and in might,
 They're above ev'ry legal right ;
 The poor may sue and sue in vain,
 And only the expences gain.

SHE.

Then deal, when honesty may bless,
 With those whose state and fortune's less ;
 Perhaps by driving smaller trade,
 You'll profit, and be better paid.

The

The *great*, whose principles are *small*,
 Take much and never pay at all;
 They to the middling people sell,
 If they take less, they'll pay you well;
 For honesty of less import,
 Forsake the gay ungen'rous Court.

HE.

My dear, to argue you're to blame,
 For ev'ry station is the same;
 The great our money still refuse,
 Because to pay us they don't chuse;
 The middling treat us the same way,
 Because, in fact, they cannot pay;
 The poor are like ourselves, 'tis known,
 They trust, and cannot get their own.

SHE.

Husband, 'tis sure without demurring,
 Business is in the nation stirring;
 Why we're without I cannot tell,
 But some I find do very well;
 You thro' neglect may talk in vain,
 The faulty always will complain.

HE.

Take not such notions in your head,
 You're by appearances misled;
 Without a secret 'tis a plot,
 There's much to do, and nothing got.

A show of bustle to deceive,
 With smiles of opulence believe,
 Many appear who only grieve;
 With busy faces, some employ
 Themselves on nothing, to decoy,
 From place to place in hurry go,
 Pack and unpack, parade and show,
 With *Servant Madam, Servant Sir*.
 This makes not trade, tho't makes a stir,
 'Tis to deceive, at length display'd,
 Departed traffic's fleeting shade.

SHE.

What then, is commerce quite undone ?

HE.

People to other markets run;
 Where'er provisions cheap are found,
 Fair plenty will adorn the ground;
 The Manufactures will succeed,
 And trade the smiling Artist feed;
 Commerce will spread her filken sails,
 And Merchants bless the prosp'rous gales.
 On seas of dissipation tost,
 Where'er the great in pride are lost,
 To ev'ry call but pleasure's dead,
 The body suffers for the head;

K

And

And ev'ry Member of the State,
 Feels the contagion of the great ;
 Perhaps to aid a Lord to game,
 Or to uphold some noble shame,
 The tenant Farmer is oppress'd,
 Whose daughters are like Ladies dress'd ;
 He with his Lordship to comply,
 And yet his vanity supply,
 Adds to the price of all he sells,
 The Noble spends, the Farmer swells ;
 And then between the clown and peer,
 Provisions still are render'd dear.
 Merchants and Traders now and then,
 Will buy estates to live like men ;
 And sons of snuff, or thread, or tape,
 The first Nobility will ape ;
 Puff'd up with vanity these elves,
 Revel and game like Dukes themselves,
 And with the Nobles to be brothers,
 They raise their rents as well as others ;
 Thus wheel in wheel oppression goes,
 And must in final ruin close.

SHE.

No wonder that so few succeed ;
 This is a world of vice indeed.

HE.

HE.

As Manufacturers must live,
 And money for provisions give,
 The price of goods is rais'd, to pay
 What's rais'd on them another way;
 Or if their goods are offer'd cheap,
 They seldom an advantage reap.
 Inferior articles destroy
 The confidence, trade shou'd enjoy;
 To other marts hence Merchants run,
 Hence foreign Commerce is undone;
 And thro' the foreign trade's decay,
 Home trade declines, and dies away.
 Then prithee let us change our stations,
 Not meet our ruin with the nation's.

SHE.

To leave my Country makes me weep,
 I fear to cross the boundless deep.

HE.

Do not the doubtful Ocean fear,
 The Gulph of certain mis'ry's here;
 Than storms at sea the storms of state
 Are more destructive, fierce, and great.

SHE.

'Ere we a settlement can gain,
 Or any thing like ease obtain;

To think still plunges me in woe,
What labour we must undergo.

HE.

To labour born we ought to strive,
If we wou'd live, or mean to thrive;
The body's labour less you'll find,
With less anxiety of mind;
Of work then never be afraid,
If harder 'twill be better paid;
Content and little will befriend,
When greater views to ruin tend.

SHE.

Wild beasts, and Indians too, I dread,
The notion almost strikes me dead,
Such shocking things I've often read;
Their cruelties my fancy chafe,
And make me shudder while I'm safe.

HE.

Reflect a little, prithee dear,
Believe not all you read, or hear;
And still depend, howe'er we roam,
More dang'rous beasts are found at home;
Those who most cruel deeds perform,
Are animals in human form;
The greatest brutes you'll always find,
Are polish'd brutes of human kind;

Then

Then fear not savages abroad,
 Since Kings and Nobles can MAROBE;
 Compell'd by want what others do,
 Through whim or pleasure these pursue.
 Be not depriv'd of ease, my life,
 By tomohawk, or scalping knife;
 From such ideas, pray, refrain,
 Indeed they're groundless, weak and vain.
 Altho' it ne'er disturbs your head,
 We've savages at home to dread;
 Reason can at St. James's see,
 Many a drest up Cherokee,
 With gold lac'd coat and high toupee;
 And many a furr'd gown Catabaw,
 Here scalp us by the forms of law;
 Let's quit such savages this week,
 Less dreadful canibals to seek;
 And to America repair,
 Indeed you'll find less danger there.

SHE.

Thus with a bosom full of woe,
 I from my native country go,
 To breath beneath a distant sky;
 And leave OLD ENGLAND with a sigh.

*Between a MINISTERIAL MEMBER and
his WIFE, on the Critical Situation of
AMERICAN AFFAIRS.*

“ Can the fond Mother from herself depart ?
“ Can she forget the darling of her heart ?
“ The little darling whom she bore and bred,
“ Nurs’d on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
“ To whom she seem’d her ev’ry thought to give,
“ And in his life alone she seem’d to live ;
“ Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
“ From her disnatur’d breast tear her young child ;
“ Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
“ And dash the smiling babe against a stone !”

CHURCHILL.

HE.

DAMN’D factious spirits ! bring them down,
Assert the honour of the crown ;
What ! shall an Empire tremble sit,
And to a Colony submit ?
Licentiousness wou’d quickly sway,
And drive prerogative away.

SHE.

SIR JOHN, what makes you rave and storm,
On what occasion are you warm ?

HE.

HE.

Those damn'd Bostonians make me mad;
 Were they destroy'd I shou'd be glad;
 They're deep in England's debt we know,
 And likely to continue so. }
 To us they their existence owe;
 But for existence and defence,
 They entertain no grateful sense;
 But now deny the friendly hand,
 That was held forth to save their land.
 Thus with base notions children burn,
 And at their tender parents spurn.

SHE.

Shou'd not a parent, when a child
 Is froward, obstinate, and wild,
 By gentle means that child reclaim,
 And mildly damp the rising flame?

HE.

Such ancient means have all been try'd,
 But kindness hath encreas'd their pride;
 Their Mother Country held them dear,
 And sooth'd their souls, which they thought fear.
 When the Stamp Act, an Act accurst,
 Which sow'd these foul diffensions first;
 When the Stamp Act oppressive seem'd,
 They of remonstrance never dream'd;

Their cause by factious means sustain'd,
 Made tumults first and then complain'd ;
 When England like a parent kind,
 To ease their much distemper'd mind ;
 Repeal'd the Act—but quickly found,
 Thro' kindness mischief may abound ;
 Thus to a disobedient child,
 A parent's faulty, being mild.

SHE.

But 'ere the subject is dismiss,
 In justice did the act consist ?

HE.

Just or not just, an Act when made,
 Implicitly shou'd be obey'd ;
 If just, objections ought to cease,
 And all be unity and peace ;
 But if unjust 'tis surely fit,
 Awhile with patience to submit ;
 'Till a repeal procures them ease,
 And smothers all that could displease.
 Pity the Act was ever made,
 Since it hath stabb'd the heart of trade ;
 But factious spirits feuds disperse,
 Turn good to bad, or make bad worse ;
 With such, severity's the course,
 The stubborn neck to bend by force.

SHE..

SHE.

I still wou'd deal with lenient hand,
 A house divided cannot stand ;
 Severities but seldom thrive,
 And oft to desperation drive ;
 Correction once familiar grown,
 It's very end is overthrown.
 We lose the fear, and soon despise,
 'Those who too frequently chastise.

HE.

But those we never chuse to blame,
 Forget correction's very name ;
 This in th'Americans is plain,
 Who now disturb our peace again ;
 As they before unpunish'd went,
 No rule at present can content.
 Getting from all Stamp Duties free,
 And triumphing so easily,
 Encourag'd them to spoil the tea.
 The Merchants suffer, trade is hurt,
 While endless calumnies they spurt.

SHE.

Must they drink tea if they don't chuse ?
 Sure, they've a power to refuse.

K 5

HE.

HE.

They've pow'r to chuse as they think fit,
 But not outrages to commit ;
 The use of tea if they condemn,
 It's landing wou'd not injure them ;
 With that they surely might comply,
 Since they were not oblig'd to buy.
 The Act, or legislative voice,
 Laid no restraint upon their choice ;
 Had they let Warehouses receive,
 They might at pleasure take or leave ;
 But by the violent outrage done,
 From civil Government they run ;
 Plunge into anarchy head-long,
 And christen right what's built on wrong.
 Tho' Government did ne'er pretend,
 Man's private choice by force to bend ;
 Yet they illegally combine,
 And such absurdities design ;
 Devoid of justice or of skill,
 With faction's whim rule reason's will ;
 For by their violence and waste,
 Rob those who, 'chance, might wish to taste ;
 And make, by pulling order down,
 Faction the standard of the town ;
 Compel by threats the quiet tribe,
 To downright madness to subscribe.

SHZ.

SHE.

Your reasons certainly are strong,
 In this, I own, they're greatly wrong,
 Rash, inconsiderate, and rude ;
 What course is then to be pursu'd,

HE.

Severity in the extreme,
 To wake them from their factious dream ;
 'Tis purpos'd soon a fleet to send,
 To make the stubborn wretches bend ;
 To block their harbour, spoil their trade,
 And teach them pow'r will be obey'd ;
 The custom-house will be remov'd,
 And their rash *folly* thus reprov'd.

SHE.

From such severity indeed,
 But little profit can proceed ;
 If Government such means employ,
 'Twill not reform them but destroy.

HE.

After what's pass 'tis very plain,
 Forgiveness wou'd but be in vain ;
 Therefore severity's thought best,
 As an example to the rest ;

The other Colonies are found,
 With factious spirits to abound ;
 Whom the Bostonian arts beguile,
 As children will each other spoil ;
 Therefore the ringleader must pay,
 For all that he intic'd away ;
 And while he does the pain endure,
 The terror will the others cure.

SHE.

I like not driving to despair,
 Rather reclaim with wholesome care ;
 Too much severity drives mad,
 Those soon are desp'rate who were bad ;
 A parent shou'd like prudence stand,
 To threaten with the rod in hand ;
 But when contrition wets the eye,
 Forgive, and lay correction by ;
 Receive the prodigal again,
 And from all punishment refrain ;
 To duty thus the child's reclaim'd,
 The parent's moderation fam'd ;
 But whene'er parents are severe,
 A brutal love it must appear ;
 When the whole frame they rudely shake,
 And limbs by stern correction break ;
 The heart grows harden'd, and the mind,
 To mischief more and more inclin'd.

HE.

HE.

But to a harden'd stubborn child,
By nature obstinate and wild ;
To use a twig's of little use,
And can no solid good produce ;
A rod of iron is the thing,
To duty back again to bring ;
It will restore dame Reason's laws,
And death or reformation cause.

SHE.

Death's the most likely, I believe,
But let us, pray, the subject leave ;
It's near on the approach of day,
Therefore all I shall farther say,
Is that OFT'TIMES a pretty child,
Is by the MOTHER's blunders spoil'd.

*Between a LIBERTINE LORD and his
LADY.*

HE.

[Solus.

HOW vain is man, when his designs,
A something ever undermines ;
Change his amusements how he will,
They cloy, and he is restless still ;

The

The consequence of game is loss,
 Which makes him peevish, fullen, cross;
 From cards and dice to love he flies,
 Content still falls a sacrifice;
 For the most prosp'rous love intrigue,
 Gives much less pleasure, than fatigue;
 I know the follies I pursue,
 But cannot leave them tho' I view;
 Man cannot fix, to range is vain,
 Thus life is only change of pain.

[Enter Lady.]

Madam, good morn—'tis soon, I see,
 My watch is somewhat after three.

SHE.

My Lord, pray, what's your watch to me?
 Am I a slave to time confin'd?
 Must watches regulate my mind?
 No prudent rule your actions own,
 Then pray, my Lord, let mine alone.

HE.

You're by the COTERIE improv'd,
 And ev'ry former doubt's remov'd;
 I knew the time when with less spirit,
 You fancy'd modesty a merit;
 Blushes for faults excuse wou'd paint,
 And decency lay some restraint;
 But now your soul, all fire and flame,
 Derides a blush, and laughs at shame.

SHE.

SHE.

And laughs at shame! most Noble Peer,
 Inform me, pray, who I'm to fear;
 Am I to fear the vulgar race?
 To think of them is a disgrace;
 Or those superior in degree?
 They do the very same as me;
 Or else, my Lord, must I fear you?
 'Tis what a modern wife shou'd do.

[He! He! He!]

But why shou'd you such maxims bring,
 A preaching Peer's a shocking thing;
 My Lord, you'll certainly in sport,
 Bring sage morality to court;
 And make her in a leading string,
 Dance Cotillions before the king;
 But 'ere with zeal you wildly storn,
 Your private pleasures, pray, reform;
 And now we're talking as I live,
 A picture of yourself I'll give;
 First, in a negligent undress,
 You glide away to some recess;
 Forget your education—birth,
 Your dignity—the Noble's worth;
 Throw off the Peer with seeming scorn,
 And then assume the LOWLY BORN;
 Led by a mean, and vulgar taste,
 Some vulgar brothel's found in haste;

In vulgar passion's vulgar phrase,
 Some vulgar aukward thing you praise;
 And then indulge with seeming fire,
 A vulgar, low, and mean desire;
 Instead of beauties of a Court,
 To Country MAWKINS you resort;
 Fitter confin'd to their own sphere,
 To use a mop, than please a Peer;
 Instead of heads deckt out in taste,
 The face is by a mob embrac'd;
 Then to be sure, to hide the breast,
 A handkerchief of silk is best;
 A Poplin or a Grogram gown,
 Must needs assit to deck the clown;
 Add a check apron tightly tied,
 It gives a picture of your pride;
 For shame, my Lord, shou'd things like these,
 A noble Peer's affections please?
 More than soft hands can you regard,
 Hands clumsy, heavy, coarse, and hard;
 The manly stride, the vulgar tone,
 And love where no refinement's shown;
 Yourself at Court, how can you show,
 Degraded by a taste so low.

HE.

A pretty portrait you have made,
 But o'er the light spread too much shade;

Yet

Yet still perhaps the piece may do,
 Plac'd in a proper point of view.
 To moderate the tints that glare,
 And make things seem just as they are,
 Observe then, Madam, and you'll find
 The reasons for my turn of mind ;
 I artificial things despise,
 And love to see with nature's eyes ;
 Nature's the dame that I admire,
 To whose embraces I aspire ;
 I find at Courts, tho' grac'd by kings,
 Meer made up tinsel gawdy things ;
 Compos'd to glitter to all eyes,
 By the Mechanics they despise ;
 The least part of themselves, and still,
 Made by Plebeian vulgar skill ;
 Can things like those please men like me,
 Whose souls with Nature's Laws agree ?
 Who love, but love alone the sex,
 Not the refinements which perplex ;
 I may indeed to Court repair,
 In search of native beauty stare,
 But scarce can find one woman there ;
 That shou'd old Adam rise once more,
 And only smell, and view them o'er ;
 By their appearance, or their smell,
 Their species he'd be poz'd to tell ;
 Or for some tawdry things they'd go,
 Trick'd out to grace a puppet-show.

SHE.

SHE.

Hold, hold, my Lord, you grow quite rude.

HE.

Madam, indeed I must intrude ;
 On canvass you've a portrait drawn,
 Mine shall appear on clearest lawn ;
 For diff'rent things a lover sighs,
 And for a diff'rent beauty dies,
 The cheeks, the lips, the hair, the eyes ;
 The lovely symetry of shape,
 That can no curious eye escape ;
 The heaving breasts where Cupids dwell,
 And with their little quarrels swell ;
 But let a man to love inclin'd,
 Fire on what part he will his mind ;
 If the experiment is try'd,
 At Court can he be satisfy'd ?
 Shou'd I admire a rosy cheek,
 And then at Court the beauty seek,
 What shou'd I find, with all my pain,
 But paint, where nature ought to reign ?
 Or if I coral lips pursue,
 And long to sip the balmy dew,
 Lip salve obstructs my am'rous view.
 Then to the head I may repair,
 And doat on wool instead of hair ;

Or

Or else be fairly render'd sick,
 With powder, and pomatum thick ;
 If streaming glances I admire,
 By nature shot from eyes of fire ;
 That speak the impulse of the heart,
 And undisguis'd the soul impart ;
 Then artificial leers I find,
 The glance restrain'd, the eye confin'd,
 No more the index of the mind ;
 The shape, by ornaments emboss'd,
 In studied clumsiness is lost ;
 The breast from tender passions cool,
 Is only taught to heave by rule,
 Or if deluded to excess,
 I aim the swelling globes to press ;
 It soon appears like fairy ground,
 The beauty's all *enamel* found ;
 He'll have his labour for his pains,
 Who thinks in Courts that beauty reigns.

SHE.

You think this satire will amuse,
 And your own want of taste excuse ;
 Do the great's faults exculpate you,
 While lowest amours you pursue ?

HE.

At Court if I can't women find,
 To please my native bent of mind ;

For

SHE.

Hold, hold, my Lord, you grow quite rude.

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HE.

At Court if I can't women find,
 To please my native bent of mind ;

For

For whensoever I repair,
 There's ev'ry thing but women there ;
 In lower life is it a shame,
 To seek to gratify my flame ?
 To a good appetite 'tis vain,
 To set forth food that is not plain ;
 And when the dish is fresh and neat,
 'Tis a bad taste that cannot eat ;
 I love the eye untaught to roll,
 That without art lets out the soul ;
 That freely does the blifs enhance,
 And speaks consent in ev'ry glance ;
 I love the cheeks where nature glows,
 Where health in rosy blushes blows ;
 Where the soul starting thro' the face,
 Varies with irresistless grace ;
 The flowing locks of native hair,
 Which pins and powder ne'er repair ;
 The unsalv'd coral balmy lip,
 Where luxury itself might sip ;
 By a silk handkerchief confin'd,
 The bosom to the am'rous mind,
 Seems to attract with artless skill,
 And court the hand to keep it still.
 Thus nature decorated least,
 Gives to the soul the noblest feast.

SHE.

Lud, what a taste, and what a brain !
 You make me tremble with disdain ;
 You

You make the *Court of Love* a dairy,
 The *Graces, Betty, Dolly, Mary*;
 Then with the other parts t'agree,
 The farmer's wife shou'd *Venus* be;
 Thus to a cot from Court remove,
 The *Graces*, and the *Queen of Love*;
 Their language tho' ! that makes me smile,
 Pray, how will you defend their stile ?

HE.

Madam, then freely for my part,
 I love the language of the heart ;
 For in love's diction 'tis confess'd,
 That nature's language is the best ;
 Refinement is for other things,
 For ceremonials, Courts, and kings ;
 Let polish'd phrases far remove,
 And give me but the stile of love ;
 In Court their language they disguise,
 To art subservient as their eyes ;
 Give me the rustic soul sincere,
 Then truths in words and looks appear.

SHE.

My Lord, you reason like a child,
 You'll soon turn satyr and run wild ;
 Thro' woods in search of pleasures haste,
 And lose your sense in rural taste.

HE.

HE.

Madam, sometimes your taste I've found;
 Rather descend and kiss the ground;
 I've seen the rustic prove your choice,
 With shambling gait and clownish voice;
 The rude curl'd hair, the ruddy face,
 The downcast look denoting grace;
 The ploughman's coat, the waistcoat red,
 The slouching hat to deck his head;
 Tight leather breeches to endure,
 And show the thigh in shape so pure;
 White stockings, heavy hobnail'd shoes,
 Large buckles, which he often views;
 Say, Madam, if enough is shown,
 To prove the picture is your own.

SHE.

Lud ! why you've put me in the spleen,
 Yes, as my footman such I've seen;
 And what can you infer from thence ?

HE.

Nothing — I speak in my defence;
 For Ladies, I have heard them say,
 In private with their footmen play;
 Thus such a tale with mine accords,
 Court Ladies have their tastes, like Lords.

SHE.

SHE.

Well, well, no longer I'll dispute,
 So keep your taste, and be a brute ;
 I wonder you a Lady join'd,
 Like me, of noble birth and mind ;
 And with such notions in your head,
 Did not some low plebeian wed.

HE.

I wish'd to add your wealth to mine,
 So prudence made me with you join ;
 Marriage for int'rest I did prove,
 But Nature's Laws shall guide my love.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Between a NOBLE LORD and his LADY.

HE.

CONFOUND the Press, wou'd it was crush'd,
 And all the snarling scoundrels hush'd ;
 Tormenting scandal then wou'd cease,
 And peers might sin and sleep in peace.

SHE.

SHE.

What Press is it disturbs you so?

HE.

The Printing Press, my deadly foe ;
The great fomentor of court rage,
The grand disturber of the age ;
That spreads like thunder gen'ral dread,
And aims at each devoted head.

SHE.

My Lord, I think you must mistake,
Or in wrong lights the thing I take ;
Printing I thought a blessing deem'd,
The guardian of the land esteem'd ;
A standing bulwark of the laws,
An advocate in freedom's cause ;
A friend to aid the lib'ral mind,
By which each science is refin'd ;
Solace of age, and guide of youth,
A star to guide the soul to truth ;
Then, pray, inform me in what sense,
The Press hath given you offence.

HE.

Why, it torments me day and night,
It says, I'm faulty when not right.

SHE.

SHE.

Is not that true?—

HE.

—Well! and what then,
 Must peers be curb'd like other men?
 As greater men, is it not fit,
 That we shou'd greater faults commit,
 Yet not be lash'd by men of wit?
 However, there's in force a law,
 That seizes them with crooked claw;
 Forces their property away,
 And for their satire makes them pay.

SHE.

Such law's a shame, if truth they speak.

HE.

My dear, you are exceeding weak;
 If Noblemen by chance are frail,
 What! must such wretches freely rail?
 By us a fault's no sooner done,
 But Printers harum scarum run;
 And join with fools, call'd men of sense,
 To raise a laugh at our expence;
 Thus to please each censorious fool,
 We're made the but of ridicule;

L

By

By chance if we profusely game,
 They club their heads to cry out shame ;
 Or if we keep more whores than one,
 They cry we soon shall be undone.

SHE.

Why, pray, of one do they allow ?

HE.

No, they'll not grant us that, I vow ;
 Curse their morality, I say,
 That sets 'em preaching ev'ry day ;
 They say some people's grace to win,
 That fornication is a sin ;
 And that adult'ry is a crime,
 When it's amusement all the time ;
 Or if we shou'd a promise make,
 And then forget it by mistake,
 Or else thro' whim or fancy break ;
 Our honour is in question call'd,
 And character most basely maul'd.

SHE.

Honour is with a promise broke,
 Unless a promise is a joke.

HE.

A promise to an equal made,
 I'll own shou'd never be betray'd ;

But

But to low wretches 'tis a jest,
 And never shou'd disturb the breast ;
 A Noble's honour's in the sky,
 Where grov'ling scandal cannot fly ;
 By malice they themselves beguile,
 It only serves to make me smile ;
 Astronomers devoid of worth,
 Low, trifling reptiles on the earth,
 Can peep thro' glasses at the sky,
 Glasses which objects magnify,
 And faults in stars themselves espy ;
 Discover spots, that dim the sun,
 Or how the Moon's Eclipses run ;
 The Press then teems with venal views,
 To tell the world star gazers news ;
 At noble Lords thus wretches look,
 Note all their errors in a book ;
 Make all things larger than the truth,
 The faults of age and tricks of youth ;
 Then scandal by the Press is hurl'd,
 To entertain the giggling world ;
 But such mean wretches I disdain,
 They give me not a moment's pain.

SHE.

My Lord, your pride your mind deceives,
 What you declare there's none believes ;
 You try to show contempt with art,
 But hide with smiles a rankling heart ;

L 2

With

With all your pride and your disdain,
 The meanest scribbler, it is plain,
 Stabs you and gives you greatest pain ;
 With such high notions in your head,
 The press I see's your mortal dread ;
 And those whom you wou'd fain deride,
 By writing mortify your pride ;
 The agitation of your soul,
 No affectation can controul ;
 If your despising them was true,
 By legal means you'd not pursue ;
 You'd own, if you wou'd be sincere,
 You wish to harass foes you fear.

HE.

Indeed you have my thoughts reveal'd,
 Which I wou'd fain have kept conceal'd ;
 You know the secrets of my mind,
 A remedy now can you find ?
 From persecution I'd have ease,
 But all the world I cannot please.

SHE.

The world will great allowance grant,
 And does not your concessions want ;
 If what they say of you is true,
 Repent, and other ways pursue ;
 The smoothest flatt'rer but pretends
 A friendship for his private ends ;
 These show your faults, and are your friends.

A gen'rous action they perform,
And your least thanks, are to reform.

HE.

But if they're wrong when they accuse,
Inventing follies to amuse ;
Calmly must I at home sit still,
While they abroad say what they will.

SHE.

Yes, yes, be still, whate'er you do ;
Stir, and the world will think it true ;
Your rage will in the public eye,
The accusations justify,
Be calm, the scandal soon will die ;
Besides, the truth will come to light,
And then the world must do you right ;
Be more assiduous in your cause,
And nobly double your applause ;
You'll find the Press, if you'll be calm,
Does greatest good, and trifling harm.

HE.

My dear, I think you're in the right,
I'm to the Press a proselyte ;
And wish its Liberty may grace,
To latest times, the human race ;
I see when public prints condemn,
The fault's in us, and not in them ;
And prejudice remov'd I find,
The Press a mirror to mankind ;
Which will the virtuous cause befriend,
And nothing but the bad offend.

L 3

Between

Between a CRITICAL REVIEWER and his
WIFE.

SHE.

ALL day, whatever pains I take,
You nothing but a litter make ;
While Books you tumble here and there,
And growl and grumble like a Bear ;
I fancy — and it seems quite plain, —
That something must have turn'd your brain.

HE.

Woman, why do you make a stew,
I've reasons good for all I do ;
To mind your own affairs incline,
Your work is your's, and mine is mine ;
Your tongue gives birth to passion's sparks,
Then learn to never make remarks.

SHE.

You know, Sir, you're so mighty wise,
On all the *world* you criticize ;
And may not I, as part of you,
Have *critical employment* too ?
I've all the qualities requir'd,
To make a *critic much admir'd* ;
For I can fume, and storm and rage,
And without reading, damn a page ;
What I don't understand, deride,
And be upon the joking side ;

Bluster,

Bluster and brag, because unknown,
 Yet dare not my productions own ;
 Conceal the children of my brain,
 The better to give others pain ;
 The beauties of a work neglect,
 And ev'ry oversight select ;
 Then faults alone, for public use,
 As candid specimens produce ;
 Since I'm by nature blest with spleen.

HE.

My dear, I don't know what you mean ;
 What do you want ? what wou'd you do ?

SHE.

Why, Sir, I'd *criticize* on you ;
 Since you find fault with all mankind,
 Your wife in you may errors find ;
 And others faults while you make known,
 Prove that you never mend your own ;
 While this JOBATION you go through,
 Call it A CONJUGAL REVIEW ;
 First accurately I'll describe
 An individual of your tribe ;
 Then tell you how to blend and take
 Ingredients which a critic make.

HE.

Your malice impotently rude,
 Upon my patience can't intrude.

SHE

SHE.

I'll try my criticizing skill,
 And exercise your patience still.
 A CRITIC is a monstrous beast,
 That makes on mangled sense a feast;
 Foe to the leam'd, the wise, the witty,
 Who cuts up Authors without pity;
 And like a wolf at distant prey,
 Growls at the merit he can't slay,
 Enjoys the treat with gloting eyes,
 Tho' all detest him and despise.

HE.

A beastly character indeed!
 In milder manner, pray, proceed;
 Can't you be sharp, yet soft and easy,
 To please such stomachs as are queasy?

SHE.

If harsh descriptions grate your ear,
 A softer censure you shall hear;
 What think you of a *Serjeant's* place,
 To marshal letters with a grace;
 To gravely note the criss-cross row,
 And order *vowels* too and fro;
 Exclude with ceremonial care,
 Rude *consonants* that dare appear;
 And to crowd in the *line* presume,
 When softer sounds demand their room;

Rough

Rough wit with *liquids* smooth beguile,
 And drill the *unharmonious* file ;
 Drive interloping (C) away,
 Regain the fam'd deserter (K)
 By discipline your merit show,
 And call great TULLY—*Kickers* ;
 Until to rise through friends you get,
 As Captain of the *Alphabet* ?

HE.

Sure such a woman ne'er was seen,
 You've *Churchill's* roughness, with *Pope's* spleen,
 The bible babble flow of *Younge*,
 And *Lady Mary's* flippant tongue.

SHE.

Your forces raise, exert your skill,
 Your talents equal not your will ;
 Your rage and malice no one blames,
 It is your praise alone defames ;
 For you, if e'er by chance you praise,
 Abuse in complimental phrase ;
 And each remark is so absurd,
 That Authors pray for your ill word ;
 Expect the world a piece will buy,
 If you its character belye.

HE.

There you egregiously mistake,
 All people our opinions take ;
 The world whate'er we say believes,
 And pins its faith upon our sleeves.

SHE.

SHE.

Puff'd up on soaring wings of pride,
 The world your vanity deride;
 Now I've what Critics are display'd,
 I'll freely tell you how they're made;
 Give you the recipe, as writ,
 By a facetious hearty wit;
 And it may serve, preserv'd with care,
 On your decline to form your heir.

A Recipe to make a modern Critic.

Two drachms of stale sense, and a scruple of wit,
 A lump of old learning, of taste a small bit;
 A line or two out of Aristotle's rules,
 And a satchel of nonsense glean'd up from the schools;
 Of Lethe's thick stream a full gallon well shook,
 Of Sarcasms two hundred from any old Book;
 Ten or twelve lines of good classical prate,
 With the name of old Horace to add to their weight;
 A few Latin maxims, two mottos from Greece,
 A sprig from Quintilian, of Logic a piece;
 The Law of a Surgeon, and Physic's strong purge,
 And all that mechanical powers can urge;
 Twelve French repartees, and three lines from Boileau,
 Politeness and modern refinement to show;
 Of candour a grain, and of scandal a ton,
 Of knowledge two ounces, of merit not one;
Cantharides plenty to blister the page,
 But admit not a scruple of tincture of sage;

A

As we are Judges in each cause,
 Sure we may give ourselves applause ;
 Rome's Pontiff's pow'r and our's the same,
 Infallibility we claim ;
 All notions but our own despise,
 And know ourselves supremely wise.

SHE.

But are you ne'er mistaken, pray ?
 From truth do you not sometimes stray ?

HE.

An individual may be wrong,
 Thro' prejudices being strong ;
 But blest with undiminish'd light,
 Connected Critics must be right ;
 Like gen'ral Councils they preside,
 The certain, sure, unerring guide.

C O N C L U S I O N .

In midnight conversation thus,
 The married pair each point discuss ;
 Unmask the secrets of the heart,
 And undisguis'd their thoughts impart.
 The modern matrimonial state,
 Is here display'd in SMALL and GREAT.

